THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

DECEMBER 1, 1807.

MR. PYE'S REPLY TO MR. DOUCE.

MR. SATIRIST,

I BEG leave to occupy some of your valuable pages in replying to the strictures with which Mr. Douce has honoured my Comments on the Commentators on Shakspeare, in the last number of the Gentleman's Magazine. I shall take them in the order in which they are written.

As to the first charge, I avow my intention was not to "correct by means of fair criticism and courteous language" what was too absurd for either correction or criticism, but to hold up to merited ridicule the gross folly that disgraces many of the pages of the variorum Shakspeare. Besides the contempt in which they are universally held, this has been already done in part by Mr. Pinkerton, in his Letters of Literature, and by the author of the Pursuits of Literature; to which last work I would particularly call the attention of Mr. Douce, by the temptation of gratifying his vengeance, by reading some keen censures of myself.

The observation on the edition I chose for my remarks,

clearly points out the reason why the Gentleman's Magazine was chosen as the vehicle for Mr. Douce's. The edition was chosen by me on account of its being the only one in my possession; and I thought it contained full absurdity enough to lay before the public at once, without referring to more voluminous notes. Any wish to give the least offence to Mr. Nicholls I expressly disclaim, as no man has a sincerer respect for his private and public virtue than myself. How I have offended Mr. Douce, by agreeing with him that the appellation of *sir* was *not* given to priests in consequence of their belonging to any order of knighthood, and by telling him, what it seems he did not know before, that it was in consequence of their being graduates at one of the universities, I am at a loss to conceive. The three next observations do not merit notice.

He that runs fastest gets the ring.]—I must still be of opinion, for the reason I have given, that this cannot allude to running at the ring. I have never been present at this diversion at a French fair, but I have at Merlin's exhibition. In Avellenada's second part of Don Quixote, written before the second part of Cervantes, and which is quoted by Pope in his Essay on Criticism, there is an accurate account of the ceremony of a solemn running at the ring in the city of Zaragoza, where it appears that the successful competitor rode up to the judges with the ring on his lance, which they took off, and fixed the prize in its place.

Twangling Jack.]—Here I kiss the rod.

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.]—The obvious sense of this passage, which I contend for, is a hypocritical wish of the tyrant, to skreen his own designs, that Banquo may have broken his appointment on purpose, and not from having met with any accident; the far-fetched in-

terpretation of Mr. Douce makes Macbeth assert, what it was impossible he could know, that Banquo was actually safe, but had treated him with unkindness by not keeping his appointment. How this more than the other would artfully conceal the knowledge of the murder, Mr. Douce would do well to explain.

Twelve score.]—Here I own I have offended against the letter of the law; and as all penal laws should be construed strictly, I certainly should not have proceeded to conviction without having the words of the act before me. But still I must contend that Mr. Douce falls under the mischief of the law; for if no man might shoot at eleven score and under, it could not be very unlikely that an ordinary archer might hit the mark at twelve score; and the common qualification of a good archer in the old songs is not to miss (not the dome of St. Paul's), but one penny breadth at twelve score yards. As I am now on the subject of archery, I will anticipate another observation on it. Mr. Douce contends that to *draw* and to *bend* a bow are synonymous; and that to *brace* is the proper term for fastening the string to the horns. I contend that my distinction is just, and that *brace* is never used in this sense. Besides the passage which Mr. Douce has candidly cited from Lear, those passages from the translation of the Psalms shew, that to *bend* the bow meant preparation for use, and not immediate use: "He hath bent his bow, and made it ready," Ps. viii. 13. "The ungodly bend their bows, and make ready their arrows *within the quiver*," Ps. xi. 2. But Ascham, in his Toxophelus, puts it beyond a doubt. He directs to *draw* to the ear, and not to the breast; and of *bending* he says, if the bowstring break in war the man is lost; for if he has two strings, yet he shall have small leisure and less space to *bend* his bow.

Page 9. *The immediate repetition of the subject is what*

Mr. Pye would doubtless censure in others.]—Certainly I should, and I am obliged to Mr. Douce for pointing it out.

With regard to that kind of pathos which excites tears, I cannot alter my opinion, as it proceeds from my own feelings. Catherine and Imogen do not draw tears from my eyes, while the last act of Edward and Eleonora, and the scene between Lord and Lady Townley make me ashamed of my weakness.

Mr. Douce is uncandid in the extreme in what he says of Month's Mind. I say it cannot, as used here, have any reference to the funeral ceremony, but do not say such ceremony did not exist, because the critics bring it in to illustrate passages that can have no relation to it. He says with arrogance, that "my objection is not worth the trouble of confuting." Perhaps with equal arrogance I throw the gauntlet, and defy him to confute it.

My nettle of India.]—I must still, notwithstanding the liberal sarcasms of Mr. Douce, admire the absurdity of the critic who could suppose Shakspeare could mean to put any allusion to the Ustica Marina into the mouth of Sir Toby; but in such a character *slang* is very natural. The rich storehouse of his mind is, no doubt, filled only with the most polite ideas; but he must forgive me if I say such sublime critics put me a little in mind of the person in Goldsmith's Good-natured Man, who says, that though he is *obligated* to dance a bear, he only suffers him to dance to the most elegant tunes; or of the puppet-showman in Tom Jones, who will not disgrace his drama with such low stuff as the comic part of the Provoked Husband.

Mr. P. asks, "who would make a pompous display of black letter learning?" So we hear some invidious females who have no jewels of their own affecting to ridicule others for displaying them.]—I have more than once, in the course of my work, acknowledged the necessity of black

letter learning to a critic who would elucidate all the difficult passages in Shakspeare. By the way, from several of Mr. Douce's observations I am inclined to doubt if he is very rich in these same jewels.

The remark on what I said on the Westminster pronunciation of *tu* is quite from the purpose; that pronunciation of the *u* there, like that of the *a* in *amo* as in *father* at Winchester, has no reference whatever to the Italian pronunciation: if a boy at either of these schools were to pronounce any other vowel like the Italian in a public exercise, he would be laughed at by all his companions. As for Mr. Douce's *tew*, it is unfortunately no illustration, as every cockney would read it *too*.

I cannot help keeping my opinion, that *rent* is an error of the press for *rend;* and that the lines in King John, omitted by Mr. Tyrwhit, have great merit.

The repetition in pages 167 and 309 were occasioned by the repetition of the fault.

Why should Mr. Douce be angry with me for stating the absurdity of our *now* calling the man who has the exclusive care of the horses by a name that implies innkeeper? Why it is so applied, Mr. Douce says, is a question not of difficult solution. I wish he had had the goodness to solve it.

P. 181.]—My question about Trojan Duke I allow to be very absurd.

P. 183.]—I think myself here quite right, as to the censures of the clowns. I have no doubt but that Penkethman and Shuter are lineally descended from those who played the clowns in the time of Elizabeth.

P. 330.]—Mr. Douce forgets that his argument in favour of repeated criticisms on the same word proves too much, as on that ground the same word should always be explained wherever it occurs. A reference however, in this case, from one play to another, might be very useful.

With regard to my summary decisions, perhaps I may sometimes be wrong: but, in general,

"Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?"

I meant, as I have said before, to hold absurdity out to ridicule: and I dare say, notwithstanding the difference of our opinions in the places I have cited, were I to go through the whole notes, I may find many of Mr. Douce's where we should agree. I can have no doubt but Mr. Douce must agree with me in censuring some of the notes of his colleagues; and it can be no very great disgrace to nod where such men as Johnson and Warton have slept. I do not wish to push the contest further; neither shall I enter into one, on "*who best can spatter*," even should he pursue Tom Coryat's example.

As to the advice of Captain Gross, I would advise the critic to recollect, that *head* and *lead* are good rhymes for an epigram.

To one charge I must plead guilty, though I confess Mr. Douce has not urged it as far as it deserved; I mean the great inaccuracy of the printing. In vain might I plead my distance from the press, and the want of a friend to correct, which an author can hardly do so well himself: for no man can be justified in submitting a work to the public that is not as perfect as it is in his power to make it.

Yours, &c. HENRY JAMES PYE.

TIME'S ANSWER TO GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.*

I.

DEAR George, thy retrospective glance
Has checked me, in my mad advance,
This old truth to arrive at:

* Vide Satirist, No. II. page 127.

Of all who hunt for fame or gain,
Or plough the meadow or the main,
Not one—" contentus vivat."

II.

Thinkst thou thy pow'rs, that charm the town,
Had gain'd like honour to the gown?
Ah, no! the field's too narrow:
Else in old Rufus' hall thy lungs,
Self buoyant in the war of tongues,
Had e'en out-*garrowed* GARROW.

III.

Till wash'd within the bar, quite snug,
Humour is contraband—a drug—
For know, my honest fellow,
Young amorous barristers to bilk,
Wit, ere she sins in robes of silk,
Does penance in prunella.

IV.

Leave common law to common men,
Believe me, George, thy nervous pen
A brighter cause espouses.
Yok'd to the rumbling dray of law,
Let others empty pleadings draw,
'Tis thine to draw—full houses.

V.

How many votaries of the Muse
My sand as blotting paper use;
With politics some fill me:
While at a sing-song house, I'm told,
Where foreign *notes* are chang'd for gold,
Some *beat*, and others *kill* me.

VI.

Thou knowst my *little winning ways*,
I live by eating modern plays;
(A milk and water diet)
But thou wouldst starve me, selfish man!
Go gnaw thy pen—I never can—
'Twould break my teeth to try it.

VII.

When wilt thou write like other men?
Observe your brethren of the pen,
How scornfully I treat 'em.
Like oysters (sorrowful to tell),
Their plays no sooner quit the shell,
Than, *presto—pass*—I eat 'em.

VIII.

Whilst others in oblivion waste
Time, the Ithuriel spear of taste,
Shall still thy dramas treasure,
They're one and all so truly good,
That though they never give me food,
They always give me pleasure.

IX.

Thus sailing down life's eddying pool,
My wings shall fan thy passions cool,—
Psha! cease this idle pother!
My eyes draw dim—give me your hand,
One-half my glass is choak'd with sand,
Let's fill with wine the other!

X.

Long may'st thou flourish, wisely gay,
Till my own forelock turns to gray:
And when old Pluto's raven

Shall croak thee to thy narrow room,
The passenger, upon thy tomb,
Shall read these lines engraven:

XI.

"Within this monumental bed
Apollo's favourite rests his head;
Ye mourners cease your grieving;
A son the father's loss supplies:
Be comforted, though Colman dies,
His '*Heir at Law*' is living!"

J. S.

CABINET CRITICISM.

SIR,

To expose the contemptible partialities and imbecile malice which too frequently disgrace the pages of contemporary publications, is one of the avowed principles of the SATIRIST; and the insignificance of the offender should not protect him from the chastisement due to his offence.

In the last number of a magazine, which, under the captivating name of the CABINET, is purchased by a few of those *happy* beings who look only to the title of a book, I read the following *admirable* critique on the tragedy of *Edgar*.

"This tragedy (if tragedy we can call what seems only calculated to excite laughter and contempt) was first acted for a benefit at Covent Garden, and, with the assistance of the author's friends was performed to a good house; a few common-place sentiments, in the shape of *clap-traps*, were eagerly seized by these friendly hands, and the writer (poor mistaken man) fancied he had produced a fine play." CABINET, No. ix. page 252.

That the conductor of the CABINET should have vouchsafed to criticise ("*if* CRITICISM *we can call what seems only calculated to excite laughter and contempt*") a play which was published nearly two years back, must seem rather extraordinary to those who are unacquainted with the secret springs of modern criticism; particularly when they are informed that this *identical* man, who was then editor of the MIRROR,* in the month of October, 1806, gave the following *favourable account of the self-same tragedy!*

"To the Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, a romance by Mrs. Radcliffe, the public is, in a great measure, indebted for this tragedy, which was acted, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit of Miss Smith. Its reception was very favourable; and a perusal of it will not, *as in common*, excite surprise in the mind of the critic." MONTHLY MIRROR, Oct. 1806.

Now, Sir, to me the cause of this gross and impudent inconsistency is sufficiently evident. When Mr. L—— edited the MIRROR, Mrs. Litchfield (with whom he is very *nearly* connected) had not smarted under the rigorous, but justly-discriminating lash of the SATIRIST, which punishment that "*shameless mutilator of translations*"† has publicly declared to have been (in his opinion) inflicted by the author of Edgar.‡ I know not

* At the conclusion of last year the MONTHLY MIRROR, being in a *rapid decline*, was rescued from the jaws of dissolution by dismissing its ignorant *nurse* (an *old woman* who had administered nothing but *milk and water*), and placing it under the care of a skilful and learned gentleman, by whom it has been restored to health and vigour. The CABINET can only be saved by *similar means*.

† Vide Satirist, No. I. page 76.

‡ Although it is more than probable that the author of Edgar, and every other man who is gifted with common sense, coincides with us in thinking Mrs. Litchfield's acting conspicuous for nothing but vulga-

whether his surmise be true or false, but it must be obvious to every one, that a man who suffers his critical justice to be regulated by personal partialities, degrades himself and disgraces literature. Such characters, with their works, should be consigned to everlasting infamy: and I venture to predict, that if this person persevere in such paltry modes of vengeance, the time when he will be as universally shunned as his publication is despised, is not more distant (if Time may be compared to Space) than LITCHFIELD is from COVENTRY.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN ADMIRER OF THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

Warwickshire, Nov. 10, 1807.

SPECULATIONS.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM the most miserable, fortunate dog in the universe; starving through absolute good luck, and pennyless through the immensity of my possessions. Some years back, by great interest and *good fortune*, I obtained fifty shares in a most *promising* CANAL; a dead level for the distance of twenty-five miles, without a single *lock;* nevertheless my five thousand pounds have been *locked* up in the concern more than ten years without producing one shilling interest. I then was *fortunate* enough to purchase twenty shares in a newly established BREWERY, which, *I am told*, has turned out a most profitable speculation; every body *swallows* our beer, and *some*-body

rity, we have no hesitation in declaring most unequivocally, that he *did not* write any of the strictures on that lady which have appeared in our publication: neither do we think that the real author of our dramatic criticisms has *even been guessed at* by any person.—"*Stat nominis umbra.*" E.

swallows our profits: at least none of it has yet found its way into my pocket. This gave me a temporary horror of speculative establishments; and even the GRAND NATIONAL LIGHT AND HEAT COMPANY was instituted many months before I determined to *enrich* myself by becoming a purchaser of several shares: I was, however, finally convinced by the eloquence and advertisements of Mr. Winsor, that such a glorious opportunity of aggrandizing my family might never again occur, and applied at the office, where, by the *luckiest* chance in the world, I was *accommodated* to the extent of my wishes; although every share was expected to have been sold long before my application.

Now, Mr. Satirist, that this latter institution will *ultimately* prove advantageous both to the company and the nationthere can be little doubt. Only think! LIGHT and HEAT to be conveyed, like water, through every street in London; and they do say, that the liquid flame will be conducted, by means of *sub-marine* pipes, all the way from *Pall Mall* to the *East* and *West Indies!* supplying in its progress various light-houses, sea-lanthorns, &c. to be erected in divers parts of the Atlantic, Ethiopic and Indian oceans, which must prove of infinite service to our shipping in dark nights, and will enable our fleets to detect the enemy's squadrons, should they attempt to steal out of port after sun-set. I am likewise assured that it will totally ruin the whole medical profession (another great national benefit), by superseding the necessity of physic, the GAS being a sovereign remedy for asthmas, consumptions, and almost every other complaint. The afflicted are therefore permitted to inhale the *salubrious effluvia* at a very moderate expence: the gas itself may also, in very desperate cases, by means of the company's patent *pipes*, be administered in *forma clysteris*.

It is needless to specify the various minor uses to which

it may be applied: such as drying hams without smoke, fumigating rooms, killing bugs (*hum*-bugs excepted), and annoying every species of vermin, which (if they have any noses) will inevitably quit such houses as are warmed and illuminated by this most wonderful invention.

I have, moreover, vested several thousand pounds in *two original Irish*-linen companies, and paid one instalment on fifteen shares in the newly-established institution for supplying the metropolis with genuine unadulterated *milk*. This has been rendered indispensably necessary, in consequence of his Grace of Queensbury's *vivifying* practice of bathing every morning in a *lacteal bath*: which, as the inhabitants of Piccadilly declare, gives the milk an unsavoury flavour, although it does not diminish the quantity of its *cream*.

In all these speculations have I actually embarked, and am extremely anxious to become a member of several other great national institutions; but, alas! Mr. Satirist, my capital is all sunk; the dividends are not yet paid; and notwithstanding my great *possessions*, I have not the command of a single guinea, else would I most certainly purchase (*if money could purchase*) a share in your admirable *plan* for supplying the world with *genuine entertainment* and *unadulterated criticism*.

I am, Sir, your profound admirer,

ABEL HANDY.

Nov. 10, 1807.

P. S. I am arranging a plan for a grand universal COLD and SHADE COMPANY, which will prove marvellously beneficial, not only in the tropical climates, but also during the heat of summer in our own, by preventing superabundant *perspiration*. My advertisements will shortly appear; for having expended all my money as a *subscriber*, I am anxious to procure some as an *inventor*.

A. H.

A CHARACTER.

No. III.

How are the mighty fallen! from long-sought power,
Desired for years, enjoy'd but for an hour.
Condemn'd again, with impotence of pride,
To censure measures which he cannot guide;
With railing tongue, and wild disgraceful zeal,
To cross each fair design for England's weal;
Exiled from free Northumbria's happy plains,
By the bold suffrage of her manly swains;
And forced to distant Devon to retreat,
And hold from B-df-d a precarious seat.
How are the mighty fallen! and so shall fall
Those who, at Faction's and Ambition's call,
Borne on the wings of Insolence we see,
Who think to force the suffrage of the free;
Spurning at once, with insolent disdain,
The yeomanry of Britain's fair domain;
And armed with selfish Faction's scorpion stings,
Disgusting senates, and insulting kings.
Though disappointed Party's treacherous aim
Assume the semblance of the patriot's name,
By ruffian zeal inspired besiege the throne,
Boasting that *All the Talents* are their own:
Say, who can think this phalanx will o'erawe
That barrier firm of justice and of law
That Eldon guards? or that their fiend-like spite,
Though Pandæmonium's inmates all unite,
Could give Britannia's sons one transient fear,
Their guardian shield when GEORGE and Virtue rear.
This dancing, prattling, changing race shall fly
From the keen glance of Truth's all-searching eye;
As fly the lurid meteors of the night
From the refulgent blaze of solar light.

LETTER FIRST FROM FLAGELANTUS.

SIR,

THE signature I am about to adopt is conformable neither to my habits, nor, I trust, to my disposition. In the correspondence I am preparing to offer you, I foresee that a considerable violence must be inflicted on both. Nor is it without pain I contemplate the sacrifices which are to be made; but sacrifices have always been the test of sincerity in the cause of truth.

Accustomed from my earliest days to engage in the pursuits and cultivate the studies by which the more kindly affections and passions are called forth; and delighted with the view of whatever appeared most endearing, beautiful, and sublime, in general nature, and particularly in the human character, I invoked the powers, rather of panegyric than of satire. With the eye of a poet, a philanthropist, and, I humbly hope, of a christian, I became enamoured of the fairest objects that art or nature had to offer a young, ardent, and unpractised mind. You will not be surprised that such propensities were nourished by indulgence, nor that they led to a wish, and an attempt, however feeble, to give to each of those objects, a tenderness of delineation, and a glow of description, sanctioned by truth; but what tinting, Sir, can imitate its native loveliness, whose colours "are dipt in Heaven!"

An outcry against the wickedness of the world has, almost from its creation to the present moment, prevailed; and certainly, not without much reason. To survey one part of the earth we inhabit, would be to arouse and exhaust whatever has yet appeared in the form of satire. It is, and it has always been, atrocious beyond the reach of indignation to mark its baseness. On the contrary, to ex-

amine the other part would be to excite feelings which, perhaps, have never yet been adequately expressed by the most animated eulogy. Where, Sir, is the pen, where the pencil, that has painted, to their due point of excellency, any of those delicious gifts, which we receive from nature and from God? Those heaven-born beings, whose thoughts and actions have lifted the human to display some portion of the divine nature, amongst whom we proudly enumerate the sacred names of Locke, Newton, Shakspeare, exclusively our own; even these shew the leaven of our mortality in their boldest and happiest aspirings, to image many of the most obvious and common benefits of nature. Every description of the freshening stream, the fragrant garden, the invigorating breeze, and the glorious sun, must fall short of those blessings themselves. Nevertheless, any *effort* to describe them, any disposition that shews our gratitude, our homage, and deep sense of the beauty and comfort which they bestow, and in which they embellish all nature and all life, employs the head and warms the heart to a degree that leaves little power and less inclination to comment on actions which would in a manner disemparadise the scene.

The *contrast* of these higher objects of contemplation, exhibited in the *vices* of the dwellers upon earth, often obtruded upon me; but at this privileged period, I had no eye, no ear, no voice, to dwell long on the *reverse* of the picture; from the deformity of which I incontinently made my escape, as from darkness to light.

Abundant were the objects perfectly congenial with this plan. Predisposed to love and admire, I also found among my fellow creatures either a brilliancy, a plain integrity, a worth, or wisdom of character that deserved, so far as human beings may be said to deserve, all the blessings they enjoyed. Continuing to associate with these in my own beautiful and blessed country, expanding and liberalizing

my heart by travel, and a comparative view of man in other climes, by which, at the same time, I enlarged and exalted my views of the great Bestower, who has diffused a portion of his bounty and benevolence, yea, and of his sacred Spirit, to *all* nations and *all* climates, you will not wonder that I have been carried by my habitual and constitutional impulses into the season of the silver hair. Neither will you think it strange that, leaving the offending objects to be dragged forth to moral punishment by others, or proudly resigning them to the silence of my contempt, it is even yet among my supreme delights to offer ample tribute to the ingenious and the worthy. Or that when their opposites have been brought in all their insidious and abhorrent forms too close under my view; and that outraged genius or suffering virtue has demanded the retribution and the support, which every honest individual should consider as a moral debt, that, according to his ability, he ought to pay; that I have drawn and exposed the vices which annoyed them, rather in *fictitious* characters than by *personal attack*.

This disposition and these habits, Sir, have prevented me from experiencing some positive evils; from an undue indulgence of the hateful and discordant passions; from the bitterness of public controversy, at the same time that they have soothed many of the hours of private grief. They have shielded me likewise from the indecent heats and petty strifes of political faction, without chilling my sincere and cordial attachment to the august empire, in which it is my felicity to have been born: an empire, Sir, which, with all its misfortunes, foreign or domestic, is justly the envy and despair of the world.

I cannot therefore repent that I have employed myself in occupations, which, to a certain point, have been of much positive good. But they have not been without alloy: like every other circumstance of this imperfect

world, forbearance is often misinterpreted into carelessness, and a constant attention to some subjects is frequently construed into incapacity for others. If, therefore, I have been defended in some points, I have left myself unguarded in others; and a certain class of men, whom, for the reason I have assigned, have been spared, begin to perceive and imagine that I can endure all things and resent nothing. So far as regards myself individually, I might be content to let this inference be drawn; for the remains of life are scarely worth the pain or trouble of opposition, or of waging war with the worthless, even though their defeat were certain. The triumph of conscience is, in this case, as indeed in most others, the most decisive and glorious victory.

But I can no longer endure the numberless paraders and pretenders, the "meteors of the month" and of the moment, if you will allow me to borrow an image from the second title of your work. The most intolerable pests infest the public. One folly, one vanity, and one enormity, crowd each other in such alarming aud rapid succession, that it is as impossible for a man of observation not to see, as for a man of honour not to abhor them. But silent remark and simple detestation is not sufficient. There is a crisis at which lenity becomes criminal, and silence contemptible. Of this I have long become sensible, and have been casting about for a fit vehicle of seizing the public victims, of whatever age or profession, whether placed on the eminences, or hiding themselves in the vales of life. It is not without something of self-reproach, that I have so long remained neuter in a cause which calls for the assistance of *every* pen. I am at length convinced that he who combats and subdues the foes of genius and of virtue is their sincerest friend; and that to praise the good, without execrating the bad, is performing but half the duty of a social being.

It is on these considerations, Mr. Satirist, that I am

willing to become your auxiliary. I have examined your plan with approbation, and find it auspicious to my purposes. It admits of

"Ample scope and verge enough"

to colleagues of every description; and if, from your reception of this my first paper, I perceive that a continuance of my correspondence will be acceptable, I shall probably address you, as opportunity may permit, upon several of the topics that shall be in keeping, with the severe but just *picture you have begun to paint of the present times.** In the mean while you will consider this letter as little more than an introduction to those which are to follow, from

Your obedient servant,

FLAGELANTUS.

P. S. I cannot take my leave without transiently noticing one of the grand literary features of your plan. I mean the department of "*Comparative Criticism.*" This is, indeed, an idea big with national importance; and if pursued with research, and conducted with dignity, may do more service to the republic of letters, by the medium of a widely-circulated periodical publication, true to its trust, and firm to its principle, than all that has been yet attempted to prove the fallacy, incongruity, absurdity, and wickedness of those *intellectual nuisances*, under the name of REVIEWS.

THE ADVOCATE.

A FRAGMENT OF BIOGRAPHY.

MR. SATIRIST,

HAVING found the inclosed fragment among the papers of a deceased friend, I take the liberty of sending it to

* We shall be most happy to receive any communications from this valuable correspondent.

you: perhaps you may think it sufficiently interesting to deserve a place in your excellent publication. It appears to be part of a biographical memoir of some distinguished person; but of what country I cannot so easily guess, as my friend had visited most of the European courts, and there is certainly nothing in the fragment itself to determine the question. We can only conclude from some allusions, that the transaction described must have been of recent date. It is a pity it begins and breaks off so abruptly. There is, however, something singular in the name of the Advocate spoken of, which would induce a belief that he must be a member of some foreign court. The name of the Baron THOU is familiar to our ears; and Seward, in his Anecdotes, mentions a noble French family, whose name was O; but we never heard in England of an advocate *I*. Believe me, Mr. Satirist,

Your admiring reader,

EGOMET.

Nov. 9, 1807.

——"In the name of heaven! holy father," continued he, fervently pressing the hand of the priest,—"in the name of heaven! yield to my request! Consecrate that little spot within my garden, that I may there deposit her much-loved ashes, and erect a mausoleum to her virtues: there every morn would I weep over her urn, and every eve would invocate her shade." "It may not be," said the priest: the advocate *I* looked beseechingly in his face. "It may not be," repeated the priest, gracefully shaking his head, which a wig of almost episcopal dimensions rendered peculiarly venerable. It was too much for the high-wrought sensibility of the advocate *I;* he sank upon his pillow, and fainted. But as he was known to have been subject to this infirmity, even in the courts of justice and the senate, when he wished particu-

larly to excite the passions, or happened to have nothing to say, the priest took little notice of it.

At that moment a servant entered with a letter: "My master sleeps, holy father," said he, approaching the bed. "He is only in a fit," answered the priest. "How unlucky," said the servant; and this letter is from the ——."

The words of the servant proved a better stimulant than hartshorn or burnt feathers: at the name of the —— the advocate's eyes opened as if by instinct, and his lank visage shortened into a smile of satisfaction. With a sudden jerk, that almost startled the priest, he raised himself in the bed, and whirling his head from one shoulder to the other, as swiftly as if set upon a pivot (a constant action with him when about to speak upon an interesting point, for the purpose, it is imagined, of shaking his ideas into harmonious consistence, or that there was a sort of sieve in his brain which required this action to separate the grain from the chaff), he demanded the ——'s letter. "The ——," said he with a sigh, "is now the only consolation left me on this side heaven, since death has taken from me her in whom alone *I* lived. Yes, tenderly alive himself to all the duties of a husband, with a heart feeling acutely the pure delight of conjugal affection, he venerates my griefs, and deigns to administer balm to my widowed heart."

The advocate *I* paused a moment to wipe away the customary tear, with which he always closed a pathetic period. His hand now rested on the seal of the ——'s letter, but he found his sensibility too great to open it: besides it would be but a just return for the kindness of the ——, that another should witness his affability. "Read it, read it for me, good father," said he, presenting the letter to the priest; and taking two or three pocket handkerchiefs from a pile that stood by his bed-

side, placed himself in an attitude of sorrow, while the priest began.

To have witnessed the grief of the advocate *I*, any one would have thought he had lost a favourite mistress, but it was the death of his *wife* that he was now lamenting. During her life, indeed, his love had been so entirely of that pure nature, which is satisfied with adoring its object at a distance, that even the lady herself was not conscious of it; and this awe and veneration for the virtues and person of his wife became at length so excessive, that with his accustomed modesty he appeared to think himself worthy only to associate with those who could not make such high pretensions: and the advocate *I* was not more notorious for his successful eloquence in defending those worthy patriots, who were so ready to expose their lives in the cause of freedom and regeneration, than for his liberal patronage of those patriotic females, who were always equally ready to expose their persons for the public good. So that his very horses, like the hangman's horse that carried James the Fatalist under every gibbet he came near, would from habit stop, of their own accord, at the door of every b——l they pased: a circumstance that was productive of much embarrassment, when the advocate happened to lend his carriage to any ladies of the court, who were not in the habit of frequenting such places. In short, as the advocate's love, so was his sorrow for the loss of his wife extravagant. He had heard of the self-immolation of eastern wives on the tombs of their husbands, and he resolved to set western husbands an example of a sacrifice something similar.

Full of this project he retired to his favourite villa, and from thence sent a messenger to the chief priest of the city, earnestly entreating his presence. Before his arrival, he had written to the ——, under whom he held an office of considerable dignity and trust. In this letter he de-

scribed the loss he had sustained with all that pathetic eloquence, which he had so often displayed in the courts, when painting the agony and wounded honour of some injured husband,—wounds that never could be healed but by being richly gilded over; agony that never could be soothed but by the receipt of a good round sum in payment for the lady's virtue; and he concluded by requesting the —— to accept his resignation of his office, and to suffer him in solitude to dedicate his future days to sorrow.

This letter was a rich treat to the —— and his gay companions; and yet they scarce knew what to make of it: for they had not the least conception of the possibility of a man's being fond of his wife, and least of all suspected the advocate *I* of any such weakness. An officer much distinguished by the favour of the ——, not indeed for the massacre of his fellow-creatures in the field, but for the delicacy and chasteness of his lyric productions, said it reminded him of the lamentations of Gargantua for the loss of his queen Badebec; and he instantly composed a parody upon that elegant chapter of Rabelais, which set the —— and his companions in a roar.

"All this is some whim generated by the fumes of opium," said the ——: the poor advocate *I* must have taken more than his usual dose: we must counteract its effects by a dose of flattery; but it must be very strong, for, you know, his stomach will not turn at a little."

At length, by their united efforts, a letter was prepared sufficiently tinctured with adulation, it was thought, to produce the desired effect. It was this which the priest now read. The advocate *I*, sighing deeply as he concluded, said, "'Tis hard that fame and happiness are incompatible; that our public duties should encroach on those we owe to ourselves. The reed, as the —— ob-

serves, may be swept away by the storm unobserved by any one; but when the oak yields to the blast, it leaves an empty space, of which every eye is conscious. Yet surely, father, some indulgence may be allowed to sorrow such as mine."

"Sorrow for the loss of those we love is natural," said the priest; "but to carry it to excess is to repine at the decrees of Providence, which is impious."

"Consider, holy father, I have no one to console me in my afflictions."

"Report says otherwise," replied the priest.

"Report is always busy with my name. I, I, I"— stammered the advocate.

"On this subject I mean to admonish you;" continued the priest; "and the present I deem a fit season. It is commonly reported that you indulge openly in * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * with a creature, whom you first found in rags; and that so far from feeling shame on this account, you have made yourself ridiculous by exhibiting, even in the courts of justice, among your graver brethren, the toys and baubles, which your fondness lavishes on this ****."

The advocate gazed on the priest, during this address, with one of his maddest stares; and sitting upright in his bed, thrust his fingers as far as he could into his mouth, that he might play conveniently with his hinder teeth: an elegant action, which, it is reported, he had somewhere read was always practised by Demosthenes, when he wished to express deep attention.

The priest was proceeding, when, from the opposite side of the bed, where till now she had stood concealed by the curtain, rushed forth, half undressed, a female,

with eyes inflamed by rage, and a voice inarticulate with passion. Disgusted with the scene, the priest withdrew in haste from the impending storm, followed by the abuse and curses of the infuriated fair; who, disappointed of her object, now turned her violence upon the unhappy advocate. Nor could all his rhetoric convince her, that it was not she whom the priest had stigmatised as a wanton; and he was obliged to promise largely before he could soothe her into good humour.

Scarce, however, had he reposed his head on her now tranquil bosom, when his door was suddenly burst open, and his room resounded with shouts of triumph. "He is dead! he is dead!" cried twenty voices at once; "the scourge of the human race, the foe to reason and reform, the enemy of patriots is dead. The friends of the people will now be their governors. The advocate, the advocate *I* is already appointed"—

"C——r!" cried the advocate, leaping naked from his bed, and capering madly about the room; "*I* c——r! Bring my wig! bring my wig! You see, my friends," added he, putting on an enormous wig that flowed luxuriantly over his lank, sallow shoulders, like—no, 'twas like nothing in nature—"you see I am not unprepared for the dignity, which I knew I should attain at last. Yes, I look myself now," said he, ogling himself in a mirror. Then singing aloud, "*Io* triumphe," he began to dance a hornpipe, to the great amusement of the by-standers, who, declared, that since the days of the virgin queen, they never heard of a c——r who—******

EGYPTICULUS.

A SKETCH.

Oh! wise was he, he first who bore
To Britain, from the Egyptian shore,
What time had spared of goods or gods
That graced the Ptolemies' abodes!
He who with mummies crams our rooms,
And makes our houses catacombs;
Pours o'er the wond'ring land the flood
Of Nile, and all his monstrous brood.
Hear him discourse in learned lore
Of science; how, in days of yore,
Upon his banks majestic Nile
First saw the heavenly infant smile;
How she was nurst, and flourish'd there,
Grac'd with each charm of good or fair,
Loved by the wise, by monarchs prized,
And by a nation idolized;
Till some Greek pirates witch'd her thence
By magic charms of eloquence.
Then hear him talk in metaphors,
How streams are purest at their source,
That youth more charms with energy
Than age with nice propriety;
That polishing an antique coin
Depreciates while it makes it shine;
And with resistless logic hence
He plainly draws his inference,
That all in Rome or Latium found,
All, within Grecia's classic bound
Of storied vase, or sculptur'd god
Of temple fair, or proud abode
Are copies of, to say the least,

The grand productions of the East;
And Egypt only can supply
Sublime originality.
There all bespeaks the fervid mind
Of genius, soaring unconfined,
Unshackled by the formal rules
That cramp the wise, and puzzle fools;
All in that blest, that favour'd clime,
Is simple, picturesque, sublime.
Then, like some highland seer, he cries,
As visions float before his eyes,
"See! see! in Carlton's* princely fane
Their former glories live again!
There in green vest array'd, I see
Old Egypt's honour'd Deity,
The venerable Leek, his brow
Graced with locks of perfum'd snow!
But though to pristine rank restored,
Though by a mighty prince adored;
Some hand, unweeting of his state,
His holy shrine may violate.
Then, oh! for piety! secrete him,
Lest some voracious Cambrian *eat him*."

Oxford, Nov. 11. Nemo.

THE ARTS.

No. II. (*continued from our last.*)

The description and outline of the drawing-room follows (see pl. 6). This room contains the fire-screens in

* The Egyptian *improvements* lately made at a vast expence in Carlton House.

the forms of ancient Roman shields, to which the Edinburgh reviewer has objected, but we think without reason. The general *defensive* purpose of a shield, and the hexagonal spreading shapes of those in question, confer, in our opinion, a sufficient propriety on the adoption of this ornamental form in this place. The reviewer's common sense should have reminded him, that a shield *is* a a screen, and a screen is a shield. It may not be unworthy of notice, that the poles or supports of this screen are spears or javelins; and though an Edinburgh reviewer may not be pleased, we venture to assert that no poet, no herald, and no gentleman, will be offended at the idea which is here suggested, that a warrior has suspended his shield on his spear, and placed it to defend female beauty. The explanation, which the reviewer has thought proper to ridicule, of the room containing Flaxman's Cephalus and Aurora (see pl. 7), must be allowed to be somewhat too verbose and flourishing, and not quite accordant with the chaste and simple character of Mr. Flaxman's art; but the room itself, as well as the sculpture it contains, is beautiful! No person can have entered this little room without being fascinated with its effect.

Mr. Hope has placed his Egyptian antiquities in a room decorated in the Egyptian style (see plate 8). The close of his description of this room contains an admonition so useful in our opinion, to Bond-street linen drapers, and certain other of the silliest votaries of fashion, that we quote it for their benefit. He says, "let me avail myself of the description of this room, to urge young artists never to adopt, except from motives more weighty than a mere aim at novelty, the Egyptian style of ornament. The hieroglyphic figures, so universally employed by the Egyptians, can afford *us* little pleasure, on account of their meaning, since this is seldom intelligible; they can afford us still less

gratification on account of their outlines, since this is never agreeable, at least in as far as regards those smaller details which alone are susceptible of being introduced in our confined spaces. Real Egyptian monuments, built of the hardest materials, cut out in the most prodigious blocks, even where they please not the eye through the elegance of their shapes, still amaze the intellect through the immensity of their size, and the indestructibility of their nature. Modern imitations of those wonders of antiquity, composed of lath and plaster, of calico and of paper, offer no one attribute of solidity or grandeur to compensate for their want of elegance and grace, and can only excite ridicule and contempt."

He who aims at pleasing much, must generally be content with pleasing few; for few will be able to follow him, if he goes far before the rest of the community. The delight of the spectator of such a collection, and such a house, of art, as Mr. Hope's, must bear a certain proportion to the stock of classical erudition and of taste which he brings with him to the intellectual banquet. With the "sideboard adorned with emblems of Ceres and Bacchus" (see pl. 9) *we* cannot quarrel: probably the Scotsmen would prefer reviewing it when covered with the rich gifts of those poetical deities: we think it fair, after reading their remarks, to conclude that it would thus be more to their taste, and perhaps the "sloping *altar* to their right," which also they have sacrilegiously attacked, should, on such an occasion, be "surmounted" with an *offering*, and not "a base."

Under this sideboard is the "celleret," ornamented with amphoræ, and with figures allusive to the liquid element; and near it (sometimes) stands the wine cooler, represented in plate 24, of which the reviewer asks, "Can Mr. Hope give any very good reason why a wine cooler should be made in the shape of an ancient bath?" Is the re-

viewer so blind that he can look at this outline, and not perceive that it is, abstractedly from all other considerations, well suited to the purpose for which Mr. Hope employs it? Can the reviewer give any very good reason why a wine cooler should *not* be in the shape of an ancient bath?

We are now in the eating room, where Mr. Hope has placed the two large horses heads, which we dislike as much as the Edinburgh reviewers, though not for the same reason. They have taken a *literary* view of this mantlepiece, as well as of the whole collection; and here they are *literally* mistaken, as we shall presently shew.

Unfortunately for society, art and literature in this country seldom grow on the same stock. This we have long lamented as a radical defect in the constitution of our universities. We hope the patron of Downing College will reflect on it, and that arts, which in general are only known to the literati by rote, will there be cultivated with letters. We hope also that he will pardon this passing hint.

We seldom look into a review without renewing our regret; and in that before us are powerfully reminded of Esop's cock that scratched up the diamond. Do pray, messieurs reviewers, read this fable attentively.

The play upon words, the pun (upon Φιλιππος) which Mr. Hope has unwittingly led the reviewers to fancy, is their ground of objection to the horses heads: ours is to their total apparent incongruity with every thing else in the room. Nothing either in the room, or its furniture, or the purpose to which it is appropriated, at all accords with the presence of these horses heads; neither is the excellence of their workmanship by any means so considerable as to atone for or reconcile us to this dissonance.

The bust, which is placed between the horses heads in question, as we were given to understand by the person

who shewed us through the rooms, is that of a gentleman nearly related to Mr. Hope, and who is very fond of horses. To please this gentleman (and, we presume, to please also himself) Mr. Hope has placed his bust between those of the horses, and inscribed it Φιλιππος, which the punning pruriency of the reviewers has construed into "about the most pitiful attempt at a pun in sculpture that they ever recollect to have met with."

But the more serious objection may possibly be made, that when a man publishes he holds out an example to others. He does not however always hold out a particular subject, but sometimes a general principle, of imitation: this is evidently and expressly Mr. Hope's intention (vide his preface) throughout his work; and the general principle here inculcated is, not that horses heads are fit ornaments for the chimney-pieces of eating rooms, but that gentlemen in decorating their own houses should not be inattentive to the particular pleasures of their intimate friends. We think this but a fair and candid construction and explanation of Mr. Hope's meaning in this place: and when the simple single meaning, and the motive, are good, we can see no reason why it should be rejected, because another meaning or pun should accidentally hinge (as in the case of the inscription under Mr. Philip Hope's bust), upon a particular expression which may be employed, since to a chaste imagination the pun will either not present itself, or, at the worst, will not be allowed to detract from the single meaning which is obviously intended by the author. One of the best puns which we recollect, and which every one has heard of, is upon the word M]AJEST[Y. The reviewer is very unlike the generality of his countrymen, if this pun has destroyed his respect for majesty when deprived of its externals. We consider that the whole of his *philippic* upon a pun which he himself has engendered, and would father on Mr.

Hope, but which he should not have called "a pun *in sculpture*," should now be applied to himself.

To affect unconcern, much more to entertain contempt for whatever conduces to mitigate the cares or increase the comforts of the matrimonial state, is neither patriotic, nor moral, nor consistent with the general character of the Edinburgh Review. Time was when a lover, as well after as before marriage, might soothe or delight his mistress with a sonnet or a garland of roses, and why not with an ornamented cradle? We venture to predict that those who see Mr. Hope's elegant cradle, will forget or contemn the ridicule which the Edinburgh reviewer has endeavoured to cast upon it. The medallions, stars, &c. but particularly the little figure of *Hope*, which surmounts the arabesque ornament, we consider peculiarly appropriate to the state of infancy and the purpose of the machine; and the general form and contrivance of the whole possesses considerable beauty and simplicity.

It will probably have been observed, that the principal part of the articles which we have noticed are spoken of merely because the Edinburgh Review has selected and commented on them, in our opinion, unfairly. Yet we refer the reader to the plates themselves (in Mr. Hope's book), rather than to any thing we have written, in refutation of the reviewer's strictures. With an appearance of truth which we shall not dispute, the reviewers acknowledge that "of the plates, *of which the work chiefly consists*, and of the articles they represent, they are unable to give their readers *any clear ideas.*" It is no compliment to the understandings of their readers, that, thus, situated, thus confessedly unable to exercise the principal function of reviewers, they should have filled up the vacant measure of their duty, by substituting vague prejudices for clear ideas.

As we flatter not the vanities, nor wilfully encourage

the errors of any, we shall say a few words on what appears to us exceptionable in Mr. Hope's taste. Regarding the book altogether as a sample of *his* style of ornament, we think it abounds somewhat too much with chimeras, or monstrous coalitions of heterogeneous parts of animal with human nature, and sometimes of beasts with fish, birds, reptiles, and inanimate objects.

Horace circumscribes the almost boundless circle of daring, which he allows to poets and painters, by forbidding them to join quite opposites; and in these chimerical parts of his work, we suspect that Mr. Hope will eventually appear less Anglo-Greek than Gallo-Greek. The French, we know, themselves half tyger, half monkey, have long been attached to monstrous coalitions of discordant parts, but the English have yet shewn no such predilection.

We know that grotesque monsters are never mistaken for realities, yet they bring seeming possibilities to mind; and such objects as we should hate to see realized, we cannot be very well pleased to imagine. Hence we are led to observe of chimera in general, that mixtures of various animals, or of quadrupeds with birds or fish, are very much less disagreeable than mixtures of animal with human nature: a griffin or a dragon may even be admired if pertinently introduced, but it requires the greatest skill and address in the artist to reconcile us to a centaur, a satyr, or a sphynx; and the dislike of a refined and tasteful eye dwells more particularly on the line of equivocal junction, or where the human and brutal natures coalesce.

Though Mr. Hope's chimeras, for the most part, copied from the antique, and consisting of heads, united with feet of quadrupeds and wings of birds, generally please the eye and stimulate the fancy without outraging the judgment, though they are not therefore, on the

whole, liable to our objection, yet still, but without meaning to obtrude our own particular taste on the public, we had rather see the two little genii struggling for a wreath, in plate 23; or the embellished vases in plates 34, 35, 36; or even the simple unadorned ewer, in plate 47 (which we think the most elegantly simple we have ever seen), than twenty chimeras in all their fantastic varieties.

On the other hand, in his complete animals and figures, and in his heads, feet, wings, &c. when separately introduced, Mr. Hope often produces the happiest effects; and his Greek and Etruscan border-ornaments; his pateras: his oak, myrtle, vine, and ivy wreaths; his endless varieties of the ancient honeysuckle, lotus, and other flowers, are replete with the most captivating grace and beauty.

Finally, we cannot dismiss this whole collection, without stating our belief that no person of taste and discernment can pass through Mr. Hope's rooms without enjoying a degree of pleasure which is considerably heightened by the reflection, that his *love* of the arts is of that ingenuous, unsophisticated kind, which is founded on early and intimate acquaintance, real sensibility, and extensive knowledge, and is therefore regardless of *dowry*. Neither furniture, pictures, nor sculpture, appear in *his* house, as we lament to see them in many others, as mere articles of spurious grandeur, which are retained for no higher and no better reason than because they are *known* to have cost considerable sums of money. This sordid grossness Mr. Hope's taste may utterly disclaim; and boast, if taste could ever boast, a more pure and intellectual origin.

P. G. S.

MORMONIA.

LETTER III.

DEAR BROTHER,

Just arrived from the literary party I mentioned in my last, I sit down to give you a description of the persons who composed it. The painted gentleman who introduced me appeared rather amusing than instructive, and served rather to be laughed *at* than *with*, by this society, who met to enjoy rational conversation, and *cut up* such of the fraternity as happened to be absent.

In the chair sat a character well known and much admired; blest with a quick conception, a clear discernment (*when sober*), an enforced delivery, and a brilliant imagination. This gentleman *might have been* one of the greatest ornaments *Mormonia* boasts; but, alas! dissipation and extravagance seizing him for their prey, mutually destroyed his constitution and his property. He is now perpetually driven to the most miserable subterfuges and contemptible deceptions; and is compelled, in opposition to his *natural* disposition, to act a part beneath himself. His genius, shackled by his personal embarrassments; his thoughts, which should be employed in enlightening present and future ages, are perpetually directed towards the evasion of creditors; and *that* persuasive eloquence, which tips his tongue whenever he speaks, and which ought to be impressing noble sentiments upon the minds of the people, is only put in force to delude an intruding tradesman, or deceive a compassionating friend.

He seemed this evening to have forgotten all his sorrows: the wine that filled his goblet was undiluted by

tears; and the light shining upon his red and highly varnished mask, gave a brilliancy to the presidential chair, which seemed to command attention from the minor planets, who glimmered round this son of genius.

On his right hand sat a small, compact, fair, fashionable poet, who had condescended, in *mercy to morality*, to dirt his fingers in writing *some* plays, *some* novels, and *some* poems.

His appearance is rather *he-she-ish;* indeed it is so equivocal, that it is hard to determine whether he be male or female; and if report speak true, he is not quite certain himself to which sex he has the *greatest* claim. In his writings, to terrify and disgust is his great aim; and certainly if his works being disgusting prove his talent, he is a very excellent poet.

His books are smuggled into the large *seminaries* for females, which are here too much on the plan of London boarding schools.

Next to him sat a dramatic poet of great celebrity: a man whose richness of imagination, versatility of talent, and vivacity of wit, gives him precedence as a writer to his father; a greater compliment I cannot pay him, unless I add, that his character as a companion, an acquaintance, or a friend, equals that which he has so justly obtained as a dramatist.

On the opposite side of the table sat a venerable gentleman, whose silver locks commanded respect; mild and inoffensive. This author, after having written as *much* as most of his standing, concluded the series by an account of himself.

He was now anxiously imploring the last mentioned guest, who is a proprietor of a theatre here, to accept a tragedy in five acts, which, for the summer months, he would compress, and by the aid of music, form a species of entertainment not known in England, in which the pas-

si ns are expressed by the orchestra in the intermediate spaces between the speeches.*

In short, old as this hero is, he still is fond of flourishing his pen; which, however, in justice to truth, I must confess does not appear in a very *flourishing* state!

Facing these were placed two authors, a kind of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* pair: the one having chiefly raised his fame by a play exhibiting the reformation of a highwayman, who, in the course of the comedy, robs a gentleman, sees his father, throttles a beau, reads the Bible, washes his face, and becomes a good christian.

Thus expeditious repentance follows protracted infamy!!!

His friend, by a less moral, though not less ingenious expedient, also charmed the Mormonians; for by placing a tub of water on the stage, and making a dog jump into it, he advanced his own fame and the funds of the theatre to a more flourishing state than they either had enjoyed before.

Both these gentlemen have a great share of talent; their

* In this species of Mormonian play, the music and instruments are all adapted. If a *hero is concealed*, for instance, the music assumes the grave and droning style; when a prince is expected, it grows martial. If an officer of rank enters, the air is in a *major* key; or when a lad not of age steps on, it must be in a *minor*. *Four robbers* appear to an air in *four* sharps; which, on the entrance of *three* passengers to be robbed, is modulated into another in as many *flats*. Children are seen picking *sloes* to an *adagio*, who get over a *quick* hedge to an *allegro*. Anger is expressed by *basses*; sentiment and friendship by the *fiddles*; love by the *pipe*. Matrimony by the *piano forte*; jealousy manifests itself by *the horns*; and a robber detected, is universally treated to a *common chord*. Thus this contrivance supersedes the necessity of declamation. A beat of the drum, a squeak of the fife, or the crack of a trumpet, take place of expression, which in the large Mormonian theatres is a happy change; for the stages are so spacious, that the only visible *features* a performer can effectively act with are his *legs* and *arms!*

sense stands unimpeached, and their wit unquestionable; but if the people of this country are so fond of spectacle as to relinquish sense for shew, it is rather the fault of the audience than the author, that genuine humour is gone to sleep.

Next to them sat a gentleman, who, in this country, is distinguished by the quadruple titles of

M. P. !—P. M. ! !—P. M. and ! ! !—M. P. ! ! ! !

Successful in the sale of sulphur he has cut the stage; but by condescending this day to leave the senate and his lordly friends, he proved that he could *cut* and *come again!*

His conversation so good-humoured, his manners so pleasing, and his wit so *piquant*, delighted the guests, who began to forget that he ever had erred. But let me ask him, like Pompey in Lucan, whether sometimes

——" Plena horroris imago
Visa caput mœstum per hiantes JULIA terras
Tollere?"——

Eh, Mr. Sulphur Seller?

But a truce; he is admired here, and allowed to be the very *flower* of *brimstone*.

There were several other authors present, whose merits are hardly enough known to be criticised. Among the rest were two very young ones, who had a *side table* placed for them in the corner of the room. One pretty youth, fair as the *lily*, his hair like sand from the hour-glass, his eyes like *Diamonds*, his words rippling over his *ruby lips* like *honey* o'er a *bed of coral;* his wit bright as the *star that dimples the horizon*, while his breath was like *the sun-beams steeped in dew*, *prelusively* shining as the little busy *honey maker* sported in its *sweets*—" he was a pretty fellow, odds my life."

The other neither fair nor pretty, but who, preferring laughter to thought,

"Light armed with points, antitheses, and puns,"

smiled away the dull hours without much censure from the critics.

The evening passed on in great harmony, and we did not part till about 73 o'clock (equal to your half past two, the days being here considerably longer than in England); and as a proof of the disposition of the men I have described, I subjoin a list of the toasts and sentiments which we drank. The president gave this wish:

"May the *critic's camp* never be the *school for scandal.*"

His fashionable neighbour whispered,

"May those *wood dæmons* and *castle spectres* who haunted *feudal tyrants* wreak their vengeance on the adherents of *monkish* absurdity."

The author next him, in compliment to me, said,

"*John Bull!* may he never be the *poor gentleman who wants a guinea* in his *iron chest* for his *heir at law!*"

The veteran, to prove his contempt of prejudices, gave,

"The *characters* of the *Jew* and the *West Indian.*"

One of the twin authors gave "the *dramatist.*

"In *the school of reform,*" rejoined the other; and "*speed the plough*" was echoed through the room.

A little honest good tempered writer observed, that it was his *birth day;* his health was drunk with *three times three,* which, for an author of his standing, was as great a compliment as he could expect.

The sulphur merchant gave,

"Success to *summer amusements* without their *perplexities.*"

A *crying* farce-maker gave the health of his *grandmother.* A clever little melancholy banker's clerk drank success to *matrimony.* A jolly good-tempered stock-broker bawled out *hearts of oak.* An ancient and respectable gentleman mentioned his *prior claim.* A poet

from a neighbouring island preferred the *counterfeit*, because it was *the real thing;* and an actor, wishing to be *too friendly by half*, endeavoured to remind the company of a farce which he had just produced, but which, from the uncertainty of *mundane* affairs, had perished in the bud.

The boys at the side-table were not allowed to give any toasts.

I am yours truly,

M. BROWNRIGG.

P. S. Thank God! the miserable ministers and dancing chancellors mentioned in my last are, to the great joy of the nation, kicked out of office!

To the Editor of the Satirist.

MR. TABART'S JUVENILE LIBRARY IN BOND-STREET.

"In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo."

MR. SATIRIST,

NOBODY can be fool-hardy enough to deny the wonderful improvement which, of late years, the preparatory education of youth has experienced from the luminous productions of Mr. Tabart. The three sister arts, poetry, painting, and music, have equally contributed their aid to adorn his juvenile library, and to improve his little customers. Within these few years, Sir, some scores of *je ne sçais quoi* have appeared in the windows of his *boutique;* so bedizened, so bedawbed, so bedevilled, that—in an age fond of marvels, like the present, they have attracted the

universal admiration of every dapper master and miss who paces Bond-street.

But of all the nondescript whimsicalities ushered to our notice by Mr. T., I think the concise publication, which I am about to submit to your notice, "bears the bell," for pathos, incident, and sublimity of diction. It comprises a narration, which most forcibly interests the sympathy of the softer sex: as Lord Verulam says, it comes home to the heart and bosom; whilst its language is, at once, so terse, so expressive, and so simple, that even M. G. Lewis, Esq. could read and understand it. I select that ingenious gentleman's name, *honoris gratiâ*: his MONK, his SPECTRE, his TALES OF WONDER, his CRAZY JANE (of which last I consider your portrait in No. II. an admirable likeness), incontestibly prove and establish his claim to unqualified approbation, as a friend of the fair, and an enemy to seduction. Not to tire him or your numerous readers with needless prolixity, I proceed to the magnificent

POEM.

"There was a little maid,
And she was afraid,
Her sweet-heart would come to her:
She bound up her head,
When she went to bed,
And she fasten'd her door with a skewer."

Dixin' ego vobis Atticam quandam inesse elegantiam?

But, Sir, a truce to trifling. It is high time, in my opinion, for the public to express its indignant sense of the nature and tendency of such trash as this; trash, in which the laugh is raised against one of the sweetest charms of the female character, *caution*. Ridicule (disseminated by a quaint stanza like the present, which is set to tune, and adorned with ludicrous cuts) is more likely

to defer a young mind from obeying the dictates of prudence than all the after-blandishments of seductive courtship. The three first lines state a timid virgin's apprehensions of a forward suitor's advances; the three last lines state, very intelligibly indeed, the sly hypocrisy of the forlorn damsel; she attires herself, *ut aptè commodèque cubat*, and barricades her fortress with a *skewer!* I know not the name of the poet who composed this wonderful six-penny effusion; but I do not hesitate to affirm, that it and all similar compositions so repeatedly published by Mr. T. may prove highly injurious to the rising generation.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's,

THO. LITTLE, *Alias* LITTLE ANACREON, *Alias* ΜΩΡΟΣ.*

GOOSE VERSES.

MR. SATIRIST, *College, Charter House.*

THE inclosed verses, as the best that were produced, have this year obtained the Michaelmas prize, at our institution. The custom is ancient, and the idea altogether singular. The boy who produces the best copy of verses on Michaelmas day, is entitled to the *command* of the *fire*, which is considered as a *post* of *honour*, for the ensuing winter.

Juvenile praise will add but little to that fame, you are so likely to acquire by your *original* and spirited publication; such as they are, however, accept our best thanks for the entertainment you have already afforded us, and our warmest wishes for your future prosperity and success.

* We are informed that Mr. T. is little more than a minor agent at the west end of the town, for a certain great Bookseller, and Sheriff, at the east. E.

In the name of all my "conxatirists" I subscribe myself Your sincere well-wisher,

A CARTHUSIAN.*

GOOSE VERSES.

Written on Michaelmas Day, by a Carthusian.

To be read with F-tzg-r-ld's emphasis and dignity.

"Oh † ‡ for a muse of fire!"—so Shakspeare sung;
From *Avon*, warbling with poetic tongue:
Oh! *such* a muse in these degenerate days,
Would crown the poet with immortal bays;
For twelve § long months exalt Carthusian fame,
For twice ¶ three months *secure the brilliant flame.*
Bird of St. Michael! hail! to thee belong,
The *taylor's* ** rhapsodies, the minstrel's song:
Who but with *goose-quill* pens the brilliant thought;
Who without *thee*, on *downy* bed would sport? ††

* We shall be always proud of the good opinion of the rising generation, and always willing to encourage their literary efforts.

† The *neatness* of this *invocation*,—*fire* being the end and object of the poem,—is self apparent.

‡ It will be unnecessary to suggest to the learned and judicious reader, the extreme propriety of this *emphatic* opening; it has indeed been adopted by all great poets, on similar occasions,—"Oh Sophonisba!" Oh! Jemmy Thompson! Oh Dollalolla, &c.

§ This happy division of time, is the *acmé* of correct poetical judgment.

¶ "Taylor's Rhapsodies,"—a phrase as completely *cut out* for the occasion, as any epithet in *Measure* for *Measure.*

** "Sport," Either the poet in the luxuriance of his fancy, or the printer's *devil* in the *drowsiness* of his judgment, is supposed to have committed a mistake in this couplet,—the word "*snort*" will be inserted in the next edition.

†† It is the poet's province, to commemorate the great events of his period,—the "child that is unborn" will hear with rapture of the en-

But for *thy* aid, the drama's interest dies,
Nor "*goose's*" charms be wafted to the skies:
See by thy side, divine *Nonsensia* stands,
Shedding *soft* * influence o'er our *play-wright* bands.
High on the list, vain † *P--rse* ascends the ridge,
And sinks contemptible in H-rtf-rd Br-dge.
D-m-nd, L-w-s, D-b-d-n, Ch-rry too;
A "weary, stale, unprofitable" crew:‡
All, happy bird! invoke thy *goose-like* power,
All *dim* the scene, all *waste* the jocund hour.
But soft, my muse! forbear th' ungentle strain,
No *gallant goose* will give a *gosling* pain,§
On this *gay* theme at least we may agree;
Banish all discord, care, and misery;
Of *goose's* virtues let us yearly sing,
Wash'd down with bumpers to our much-lov'd king.

POLITICS.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

THE return of our expedition from the Baltic affords us an opportunity of most cordially congratulating our readers and our country, upon the result of an enterprize, the

chantments of "Mother Goose" and *sympathize* in the entertainment she afforded the "*grown children* of 1807."

* "*Soft,*" this equivocal phrase will be well understood in the *patois* of a public school.

† "Vain P-rse," one of those who, more from good fortune than original merit, has risen to the *decent situation* of *official competence*, and dazzled by *unexpected* success, looks down on those *below* him, with all the narrowness of a little mind, and ungenerous spirit.

‡ The present state of the drama is really melancholy,—think of these men, and their productions! who, *bad* as they are, with few exceptions, *best* we can produce.

§ This *generous* sentiment is a sort of *amende honorable* to the preceding *bitter sarcasms.*

success of which has happily been proportionate to the justice of its design. We certainly lament the cruel circumstances which imposed upon Great Britain the painful but indispensable duty which she had to perform; but we confidently affirm, that never was a measure undertaken by this, or any other nation, of which the justice was so impregnable, and the necessity so evident. The ability which marked its execution was suited to the wisdom of its conception, and the skilfulness of its plan. Exploits of, perhaps, a more brilliant nature have elevated the renown, and adorned the progress of the British arms: happily, however, the same exertions of heroism were not requisite; but never did a more mild and honourable lustre dignify the British character than shone forth from the humanity and forbearance which accompanied and tempered every step of this memorable and momentous measure.

We freely admit that a project, which had for its object the seeming interference with the internal arrangements of an independent state, was likely to excite the anxiety and attract the attention of the virtuous and the wise. *They*, however, relied with confidence upon the high and honourable character of their country, calmly waited till explanation was deemed prudent; and were satisfied with the solemn declarations of their sovereign. For the political observers of an opposite cast such a measure was admirably calculated. It gave a new spring to their energies. It gave a vent for the discharge of long accumulated spleen, and opened a source of incessant slander and abuse. While the expedition was yet in embryo, sneers and suspicions were let off by the papers which have signalized themselves by their devotion to the enemy, or by their rancorous hostility to the present administration: while it was being executed, doubts of its success were confidently thundering in our ears; and when its accom-

plishment was announced, a battery of abuse was instantly opened, which has ever since been firing at the motives from which it originated. Thus they prove their national spirit by doubting the valour of their countrymen; evince their philanthropy by censuring the humanity which was exerting itself to prevent bloodshed; and display their patriotism by condemning the conduct and vilifying the character of their country, because both have been furiously slandered by France. So universal, however, is the conviction of the JUSTICE of this expedition, that the murmurs of a few factious railers will not ascend to disturb the general harmony that happily prevails; and so unanimous is the opinion of its *necessity*, that no man of common sense, or of common honesty, in his *heart*, disbelieves or even doubts that had not the Danish fleet been secured by *Great Britain*, IT WOULD, perhaps at this hour, HAVE BEEN AT THE DISPOSAL OF FRANCE.

As the most violent attacks, however, have been made upon the *principles* from which the Baltic expedition arose, the regard which we have ever felt for the unsullied honour of our country urge us to examine the justice of such attacks, and the motives from which they clearly spring. We regret that our narrow limits will not allow us to give a return of *all* the great and small guns which are still discharging vollies of abuse at this measure; and we must content ourselves with selecting

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

With respect to this journal, it must be owned that its conductor was, for a considerable time, truly whimsical and ridiculous. *Till* the arrival in England of the *French* account of the bombardment of Copenhagen, the Morning Chronicle contented itself with calling the proceeding "extraordinary;" and was wavering between doubts of its justice, its necessity, or its "wisdom." Its natural

disposition made it, every now and then, throw out sparks of spleen, but there was no eruption of consequence. It was evidently undetermined how to proceed, and was waiting for orders. No sooner, however, had the Moniteur (of the 20th of September) arrived, through the channel of the Dutch papers, and probably the hint been given from *head-quarters* at home, than it instantly set to work, to invent arguments in disproof of the justice of the proceeding. In spite of its zeal in the cause of its friends, it never betrayed its weakness so wretchedly. Utterly unable to conceive *one solid* argument against the measure, it was actually obliged to adopt the opinions of the French gazette, which, it owns, "betrays its own cause in every sentence;" and, as a miserable excuse for flying to assistance which is confessed to be "inconsistent and feeble," it has the audacious inconsistency to maintain, that in the exposition of our conduct the paper is particularly "*lively*." It takes up, therefore, the very weapons which had been before used, in vain, by the French champion, and then flies for refuge to the French citadel, which it declares impregnable, and from which these colours are so triumphantly flying. "Even *if* we should have increased our hostile means, by adding to our force all the fleet of Denmark, is that a reason for England to become a robber too?"* To which question we calmly answer, that, without laying any claim to the *character* thus generously given, the notoriety of the intention rendered such conduct indispensable for SELF-DEFENCE; and that *anticipation*, in such cases, has ever been authorized by the law of nature and nations.† Such are the high and

* Extract from the Moniteur, as given in the Morning Chronicle of October 6th.

† Vide Vattel, b. iii: ch. 3. § 50. We are aware that we are appealing to a code whose voice has never been listened to by the different tyrants of France since the revolution. We recollect that another

mighty reasons which have arrived at last from the hall of justice and of the "eternal morality of nations," to *prove* the injustice of the Danish expedition. We must declare that the "reasons are like the grains of wheat hid in a bushel of chaff; we have searched all day ere we found them, and now they are found they are not worth the search.

An adversary who has the stupidity to adopt such besotted attempts at argument, is, in fact, an object of contempt rather than of terror. His opinions are of a strength and complexion very similar to those of his Gallican coadjutor, who, with a "*lively*" sneer, asks us in the same *tirade* of calumny, "Will the English ministers augment the English fleet by the 15 or 20 block ships which are found in the arsenal of Copenhagen?"* We can readily imagine the anxiety of a Frenchman to depreciate the value of our acquisition; but we could not suppose his ignorance of naval affairs so gross, as seriously to assert that "the English can make no use of the ships which they have taken, nor can they retain Zealand." The two deductions which this "*lively*" logician draws from his reasoning are curious, and highly worthy of remark: "Either the English will remain in Zealand, and be driven from it IN THE WINTER, *whatsoever force their army may be*, or they will evacuate it, according to the terms of the capitulation, and then the Sound is shut against them for ever." Without stopping to express our admiration at the wonderful sagacity which can discover that a situation *must* be *either kept or abandoned*, we must hasten to

"lively" Frenchman, M. Genet, when he was told by the Americans that his proceedings were inconsistent with the principles of Grotius and Vattel, briskly and candidly answered that he knew nothing about them; all he knew was, that his conduct was suitable to the doctrines of the French constitution.

* This sage question has been since used by the sapient Chronicler.

thank the writer of this French gazette for the best defence which could be given for our capture of the Danish fleet, namely, their clumsy confession, that *nothing* could *have prevented the French* from taking it: for if *in winter* they could have driven our army, be its force what it might, *the same means would* INEVITABLY HAVE ENABLED THEM TO LAY HOLD OF THE FLEET.

It must be thus evident, that had any thing been wanting to corroborate the fact of ministers being in possession of the designs of Buonaparte, with respect to the Danish fleet, nothing could have so amply furnished it as the avowal which has thus been betrayed. It arms with infallible force what never could have been doubted, the declaration of our sovereign, that "his majesty had received the *most positive information* of the determination of the present ruler of France to occupy with a military force the territory of Holstein: for the purpose of excluding Great Britain from all her accustomed channels of communication with the continent: of *inducing* or *compelling* the court of Denmark to close the passage of the Sound against the British commerce and navigation; and of *availing himself of the aid* OF THE DANISH MARINE FOR THE INVASION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND."*

A "*lively*" Frenchman must indulge in a *fanfarinnade*, even if it ruin his cause; and, at this moment of rage and disappointment, we may certainly excuse the defect of cool and sober reflection, when the false and foolish assertion was hazarded, that "the Sound is shut against England FOR EVER!" A spiteful antagonist might have regaled his ears with an account of the forcible and triumphant entry of the Sound, by the illustrious and immortal Nelson, in the year 1801.

* British Declaration.

The mere suspicion of such a scheme on the part of France would have authorized the adoption of precautionary measures by this country to prevent its accomplishment. But the intention being visible as burning day-light, ministers would have been guilty of the most criminal negligence of the interests of the state, and would have merited impeachment, had they not striven to render it abortive. Motives of humanity and friendship spontaneously offered the faith of a monarch allied to the Danish court by ties of blood, as a pledge for the care and guardianship of a fleet which the Danes were unable to preserve from a tyrant unrestrained by laws human or divine; who had already violated the independence of their dominions, and whose obvious object was the seizure of their fleet, not for the benefit of Denmark, but for the invasion of the British isles. All feelings of delicacy might very properly have been sunk in the imperious circumstances of the case; and all fear of danger or of dishonour would have been annulled by the presence of the stupendous and irresistible armament which has been prepared for their assistance. When, however, these offices of friendship were declined; when our offers of prompt and effectual assistance against an unprincipled enemy who had insulted their neutrality were rejected; and when *satisfactory security* for the non-employment of this *extraordinary* naval force against these kingdoms was refused; and when a plot against the independence of the British empire, was seen rapidly ripening into execution; SELF-DEFENCE required that it should be *prevented* by FORCE. This was, in fact, the only remaining mode of obtaining security. Such desperate preventives are sanctioned by the law of nations, because "*nulla nisi in armis* relinquitur spes."* NECESSITY, who is the stern mother of

* Livy.

many a rigid step, dictated the conduct which this country pursued.

It must be owned, however, that this strong plea of necessity is boldly attacked by the Morning Chronicle, in a laboured dissertation, which, after sufficient time and reflection, was issued with an air of authority as the true criterion of the question. As we have always considered this plea the very basis of the transaction, we shall carefully examine the instruments by which it is attempted to be destroyed. What is here advanced against it, is, in fact, the only thing like argument that has yet been employed by this opponent. It is the sum and substance of all the assertions which have been hurled against the measure. It may be fairly considered the concrete essence of his doctrines which must fall to the ground, if this be annihilated. "In order to bring the question," says he,* "within the real original meaning of the word necessity, it must be shewn first, that Buonaparte could get possession of the Danish fleet, in spite of any efforts of the Danes, with our assistance to defend it; and next, that having got it, he should thereby be enabled to cope with our fleet, invade us, and imminently endanger our independence." With respect to the first of these positions, it must be remembered that, as the Danes *refused* our offered *succour*, they were left by themselves to preserve a fleet which the writer in the Chronicle himself seems to think they were unable to keep from the French. The case of necessity is, according to his own hypothesis, amply, though unintentionally, made out by himself. His second position will not, we believe, gain many converts. In what political lexicon the "original meaning of the word *necessity*" is found to be the means of preventing *political destruction* and that meaning only, we confess ourselves at a loss

* Morning Chronicle of Oct. 24.

conjecture. We believe that there is no occasion to resort to so extreme and chimerical a case. We *think* that if the editor of this paper, like his countryman, the hero of the Edinburgh Review, had every reason to suspect a rencontre with a foe; and if he saw such a foe preparing to attack him, even should he be armed only with a club, he would deem it *necessary* to knock it out of his hand, although he *could not be certain* of any imminent danger of being cudgelled to DEATH. We also believe that, with the aid of *eighteen* sail of the line, besides frigates, manned by Danish seamen, and abounding in every sort of naval stores, joined to their own reliques of a navy, and those of their allies, "they might (though not successfully) have coped with our fleet." We deem it also not impossible that accidents and contingencies might have enabled them to "invade us;" and having thus proved, as fully as such things can be proved, two non-entities out of three, we think ourselves entitled to assert, that, without being terrified by the chimera that, with the aid of the Danish fleet, "they would have been able imminently to endanger our preservation," we think that such an important addition to their maritime force would, at this time, have been of the most essential service to France; that it would have greatly assisted her in any project which she might have had against the tranquillity of these dominions; that if ministers had *refrained* from trying every means of *preventing* its seizure by France, on account of such an insane scruple as that just cited; they would have been justly condemned as the worst enemies of their country, and would have merited the contempt which this assailant must experience for the weakness of his head, and the malice of his heart.

Such were the arguments which, for a length of time, were alone deemed sufficient to prove the injustice of our cause, and to shew that our enterprise was an unprece-

dented "outrage." They were fulminated in the pride of triumph; and were confidently expected to flash conviction upon every enlightened mind. When, however, after the trial of a fortnight, they were found to fail, and were seen to excite only derision from their weakness, and abhorrence from their malignity, the unfortunate writer, in an agony of despair, snatched up a weapon which he fancied of great "importance," but which, in his distempered hurry and confusion he had "overlooked;" and, as the last effort of expiring waakness, made a desperate plunge at the honour of his country. Fortunately he was as unsuccessful as before. "It will," says he, "materially influence the decision which shall ultimately be made on the character of the proceedings."* Curiosity is naturally on watch; for the discovery which has filled this sapient critic with as much secret satisfaction as ever could have been felt by Pythagoras when he exultingly exclaimed "Ευρηκα!" It is this: "Ever since Buonaparte overran and subjugated Holland, and commenced his avowed determination to shut us out from the continent, it has been the unceasing and earnest supplication of this court to the court of Copenhagen to keep their whole army on the continent, instead of the island of Zealand, to favour the introduction of British goods, and to make the Danish territory the canal of conveying them into France, Holland, and Germany. They yielded to our solicitations. They did keep their army on their continental territory; and we took advantage of their friendly compliance with our measure to seize upon the island which, out of friendship to us, and from their confidence in our good faith, they had left abandoned!" Such is the text: now for the comment. "Volumes might be written on the aggression; but nothing could put the character of the outrage in a

* Morning Chronicle, Nov. 6.

more conspicuous point of view than the statement of this single fact." This is, indeed, a tale told by an ideot,

"Full of sound and fury,—signifying nothing."

Deplorable indeed must be the condition of an advocate who is forced to resort to such paltry insinuations. We can scarcely deign to notice with seriousness such puling observations. But we must certainly point out to our readers, that the sentiments of this paper are always so much in unison with those of the Moniteur, that the writer of it cannot help mistaking the hints of his French friend for his own suggestions. Hence has arisen a circumstance which must lessen his character for genius. He has *discovered* only what was before *invented* by the manufactory at Paris. "Surely," says the Moniteur of the 20th of Sept. "if the Danish army had been in the island of Zealand, instead of being on the continent, at the moment when the English made their appearance, the latter never would have had success." This "Chronicle of the times" will probably plead the same excuse as the man did who was detected stealing from Shakspeare—that they both think alike; but unfortunately for it, the Moniteur spoke first. In answer to both these colleagues, then, we wish to remark, that *if* ministers foresaw as long ago as the final subjugation of Holland, that it was the intention of Buonaparte to invade the Danish dominions, and seize the Danish fleet, and consequently were then prepared to prevent such a project, their political sagacity forms a striking contrast to the careless ignorance of their predecessors; and is one of the most honourable causes which can be assigned for the national confidence which they so peculiarly possess. We must confess also, that *if* ministers "supplicated" to have the WHOLE Danish army "kept on the continent," they deserved better fortune than *not to succeed* in their solicitation; and therefore the "cha-

racter" of the measure *cannot* be affected by their wish. We beg also to add, that *if* this writer in the Chronicle *really believes* that the island of Zealand was "abandoned," or that the presence of even the "whole army" could have prevented its reduction, or the capture of the fleet by our armament, he has a credulity which we do not envy. He may say with Tertullian, "Credo quia impossibile est; and we shall exclaim,

——"i demens, et sævas curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias."

Such are the impotent attempts which have been made by this partisan of opposition to sully the honour and disprove the justice of this necessary measure. Enough, however, we are certain has been said, to shew that it stands upon too firm a rock to be shaken by the blasts of calumny and falsehood. It is, indeed, worthy of observation, that this expedition has had the singular felicity of calling forth the rapturous praises of the editor of the Weekly Register. Although not the project of Mr. Windham, it has, wonderful to say, been pronounced necessary by Cobbet. We can certainly say, "non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget; but we must admit that a testimony of this sort is of use, as it proves to a demonstration that if *one solid* or *rational objection* could have been urged *against* the measure, it would have been gladly rung in our ears by this bellman of abuse.

BUONAPARTE.

It is a subject, Mr. Satirist, of infinite regret to every true lover of his country, that, in spite of the multiplied proofs of the treachery, violence, and flagitious character of the common disturber of Europe, there are not wanting, even among Englishmen, many who openly profess themselves the admirers of that political prodigy. In an

age which abounds with pretended philosophers, whose higher flights of wisdom consist in denying or doubting the most evident of the truths of religion, it is indeed little to be wondered at, that crime and outrage should be applauded under the specious titles of genius and heroism; but it would be a task attended with greater difficulty to account for the existence of this extraordinary predilection in the bosoms of men, whose own characters and conduct are directly opposite to those which have ensnared their suffrage and applause. Virtue and vice are in their natures so inimical to each other, that we are scarce able to conceive, and still less to account for, any temporary collision of such heterogeneous principles. My own experience, bounded as it has hitherto been, has, however, convinced me of the existence of this apparent anomaly in nature; and an attempt to develope the various causes which may have directed the opinions of men in this particular, might not be unproductive of some beneficial result, while it appears perfectly consistent with the plan of your interesting publication, which proposes to be open to every useful contribution.

It is an observation by no means new, that the minds of men are naturally elevated by every splendid appearance: the same bias which leads us to admire the grandest of the works of nature, induces us to contemplate with wonder the exalted fortunes of an individual: and this emotion is always increased in proportion to the rapidity of his ascent from a station of comparative insignificance. The fortunate career of a celebrated warrior is particularly calculated to attract the notice of his contemporaries: they attentively observe his progress, and take pleasure in increasing their own admiration by exaggerating his merits, and diminishing the many defects which a discerning eye will always have occasion to perceive in such a character. Hence the unbounded applause which historians are fond

of bestowing on the actions of extraordinary men: a subject so peculiarly adapted to the display of their own genius and powers of description will necessarily become with them an object of partiality; and posterity will be deluded into an unqualified approbation of the conduct of human monsters, who would have been more justly held up to universal contempt and execration. But the astonishment of contemporary observers is called forth by circumstances of much stronger interest; and is consequently more ardent in its nature. The march of a living *hero* is portentous and awful as the course of a comet. Suspense, anxiety, uncertainty, all concur to rivet our attention, and interest us deeply in the passing events of the day. The last and present wars have created more *politicians* than have been known perhaps almost at any former period of time. Our natural attachment to the marvellous has of late years been more gratified than for many centuries past and every one feels himself in some measure connected with the remarkable objects which have been successively obtruded upon his contemplation.

It has been the peculiar fortune of Napoleon Buonaparte to walk in a tract which has been hitherto unparalleled for the uncommon success to which it has uniformly led. Emerging from a station of life below mediocrity, he has rapidly advanced to the summit of human grandeur; and the splendour of his extraordinary situation has been immeasurably heightened by that spirit of exaggeration, which, on certain occasions, appears to be inherent in man. What is in a considerable degree to be attributed to advantageous and fortuitous circumstances, arising particularly from the blindness and weakness of his opponents, has been conceived to be the single production of his own genius, wisdom, and ability. We thus exalt him into a being possessed with powers alto-

gether supernatural. At the same time that we forget the means which have operated to forward his progress, we lose sight also of the numerous vices and instances of depravity, which would otherwise tend to disfigure those talents with which he is really possessed; and to cast a veil of infamy over his most striking and illustrious actions. If we divest ourselves of such fallacious considerations, and give way to the suggestions of our reason and cool reflexion, he cannot fail to appear in his proper light, in spite of the meretricious lustre with which we at present see him environed. The many evidences we possess of his immorality and irreligion, of his wanton abuse of power, and of his total want of the common feelings of humanity, would not fail to have their due weight in our estimation of his character.

Another circumstance which has tended little less to deceive us in this essential point, is, the property attendant upon power, of holding up to the contemplation of the world the most atrocious action in the most flattering point of view; and of commanding the assent of the majority of mankind. I wish that the multitude of Bonaparte's apologists were confined to those officious persons immediately under his influence: sure I am, that nothing less than the hand of authority can prevent them in their turn from being subjected to the accusations of the few, who are capable of stripping off the mask of hypocrisy; and of observing only in the ill-meant praises of designing sycophants the native deformity of that disgusting vice. Providence has, however, for wise purposes, limited the comprehension of the mass of mankind. Impudence commonly triumphs over modest and unassuming merit; and hence the *pretensions* even of a Bonaparte to *justice* and *humanity* have been admitted by many as irrefragable evidences of his *virtue*. It does not appear strange that such professions, coming from a quarter so polluted, should pass current with the most superficial and

indiscriminating: the murderer of the duc D'Enghien said to a gentleman of approved virtue and patriotism (the Prince of Hatzfeldt) who appeared before him, depressed with the load of calamity which had recently befallen his unhappy country—"Leave my presence —; I have no occasion for *your* vices!" who would imagine that an expression indicative of a feeling of the nicest honour should proceed from any but the most immaculate of beings?

I refrain from dwelling upon the various trials of cruelty and oppression, of malice and ingratitude, of selfishness and treachery which we have from time to time remarked in the character of Bonaparte since the commencement of his revolutionary career; not only because they have become trite and vulgar topics, but that I wish to abstain from too near a view of a subject so disagreeable and disgusting. It may be necessary, however, to combat the argument of another set of "his approved good friends," who maintain, that, as the immediate instrument of Providence, this despoiler is not accountable for the mischiefs he has perpetrated in promoting the grand destinations of Heaven. This is substituting the cause for the effect: and if it could be substantiated by any process of reasoning, would overthrow all the received notions of right and wrong. No doubt, indeed, can be entertained of a supernal dispensation promoted by natural causes: we frequently discover a latent good proceeding out of a dreadful calamity: but the agent, when left to his own free will, and endowed with a capacity of abstracting the good from the evil, will certainly be accountable for the choice he may be induced to make. Our actions are to be judged by our intentions, not by their effects. It has been wisely ordained that, in essential points, our passions only can mislead us; and these have been providentially placed entirely under our own controul. To argue in favour of Bonaparte, that his destructive arms, while they have carried desolation

over the fairest portion of Europe, have conduced to humble the overgrown pile of the German princes, would be like pleading for a minor criminal, that by robbing and impoverishing a wealthy glutton, he has deprived him of the means of intemperance; and thereby prevented him from experiencing the excruciating tortures of the gout! Such a plea might be true in fact,—but we would nevertheless hang up the felon.

I find that my letter has an appearance of extending itself to a length beyond what may probably be your desire to see in a desultory communication of this kind: I shall therefore hasten to close it with a few general remarks. In reviewing the short hints which I have thrown together I cannot help expressing a wish to find the subject more ably discussed in some of your future publications. I conceive it to be the duty of every citizen, who has an opportunity of instructing the minds of the misguided part of our fellow subjects, to endeavour to place a matter of this importance in a proper point of view; more especially as there are unhappily but too many among us who apply themselves assiduously to a task of a direct opposite tendency. In an attempt to develop the merits or demerits of Bonaparte, I have no wish to see him become an object of abuse or of unmanly reproach. Particular instances of moral turpitude in any of our fellow creatures ought to excite our pity rather than our hatred towards the unhappy criminal; and it would be desirable that their remembrance should perish with him, did not considerations of higher moment demand it as a point of duty continually to present them to the view of the living generation as objects of horror and reprobation. The author of the evils we deplore still lives possessed of the plenitude of power; meditating future mischiefs to the human race; and cherishing an extraordinary and malignant revenge toward a country which has dared to oppose a

barrier to his ambition. THAT COUNTRY, BRITONS! IS YOUR COUNTRY!—the land of your fathers; who devoted their fortunes, their powers and their lives to render it a habitation worthy of freemen. Be it your business, as it is your duty, to guard and preserve the sacred trust reposed in you, that you may be enabled to transmit it unimpaired to your posterity; and in your turn merit their admiration and praise! B.

Nov. 9, 1807.

AURORA,

OR

A MAD TALE MADLY TOLD.

" 'Tis night, and this the fearful hour
When yawning graves resign their dead;
Oblivion's God asserts his pow'r,
And slowly rising from his bed,
O'er all extends a magic hand,
And gently waves his leaden wand;
All nature owns the powerful sway,
Man, beasts, and birds, the God obey.
The streams scarce murmur as they flow,
The bellowing winds forget to blow,
The light waves gently kiss the shore,
And noise and tumult wake no more.
No sound is heard,
Save, when the melancholy bird
Flaps her dull wing, and wheels her heavy flight,
Through the dark regions of the shadowy night.
But who is she, with looks so wild,
Whose white robes catch the moon's pale beam?
Sure she is sorrow's favorite child;
Of peace bereft, of hope beguil'd,

Her dim eyes faintly gleam!
Yet ever and anon they pour forth sorrow's stream.
Poor girl! thine are no common woes!
See how to heaven her arms she throws,
How to the churchyard bends her way,
And crowns her frantic head with flow'rs!
Then, on her taper fingers counts the long-resounding hours!"

AURORA.

" Full thirteen moons are gone and past,
" And this the place, and this the day
" Of happiness, too great to last!
" 'Twas here, Alindor, perjur'd youth!
" To young Aurora pledg'd his truth;
" Yet, e're the ceremony ends,
" Truth and Alindor seem no longer friends;
" O my poor brain's on fire!—
" Yes, yes, I laugh'd to see
" This triumph of duplicity!
" Saw you yon mincing dame in proud attire?
" The bold one claim'd his vows!
" Woman avaunt! thou never wert his spouse!
" But wherefore wax his cheeks so pale?
" Why close those eyes of heavenly blue?
" My life! my love! I scorn the tale!
" Aurora still believes thee true!
She loves thee dearest! loving thee—confides!
" Who shall dare say Alindor has two brides?
" Or who shall say that candid smile
" Was but the spurious babe of art?
" Sure heavenly natures know no guile!
" Thine was no false, no canker'd heart!
" O thou art pure, as are the blest above,
" And I were much to blame to doubt thy love!
" But wherefore wax his cheeks so pale?
" Why close those eyes of heavenly blue?
" Conviction hangs upon the tale!
" O all ye Gods! yes, yes,—tis true!

" And see, he bends, he sinks to earth !
" Lovely in death !—
" When parching Eurus, with destructive breath,
" Gives the mad whirlwind birth,
" And wide around her leafy honors throws,
" So bends, in beautiful decay, the withering rose !
" Come, let me warm thee with a burning sigh !
" 'Tis for Aurora, not for thee to die !
" For what is she ?—a poor deserted maid !
" To love, to grief, to infamy betray'd !
" Unclose those eyes !—I can forgive
" But must not, dare not live !
" Stranger sit thee down awhile,
" I have a tale to tell shall make thee smile.
" Close in the king-cup hides the generous bee,
" The honey sips, but never harms the flow'r !
" While here, the type of murderous man we see !
" Here the fell spider wantons in his pow'r,
" Forgets the kindly shelter he receives,
" And poisons the poor plant, whose breast that shelter gives !
" My tale is told, my task is done,
" My life is spent, my hour-glass run !
" Behold, on yon swift-sailing cloud
" He rides ! triumphant o'er the grave !
" He beckons me, he calls aloud ;
" Light on the gale his amber ringlets wave,
" The sweets of Paradise perfume his breath !
" See how these two new meteors grace the skies !
" Astrologers suspect not they're his eyes !
" Poor knaves ! but *little knowing, much* they'll *own* !
" This science was reserv'd for love alone.
" Love penetrates the cave of death !
" Old Neptune's secret haunts explores,
" Rides on a billow to his distant shores,
" Mounts to the stars, inspects the moon,
" And if the cold, but fickle fair,
" Detains some wandering lover there,

" Love claims his own !
" Yet still night's queen her influence maintains,
" And though she yields his *heart*, she gambols in his *brains* !
" My tale is told, my task is done,
" My life is spent, my hour-glass run,
" Stranger adieu ; I must away,
" My lov'd Alindor blames Aurora's stay !"——
Light as the thistle-down she flew
To Neptune's pebbly shore ;
The stranger rush'd to save
The lovely Maniac from a watery grave ;
Round her fair form his sheltering arms he threw.——
Horror of horrors ! she was seen no more !
He but embrac'd ——— a shroud !!!——
Wild peals of laughter long and loud
Convuls'd the air !—and church-yard records say,
This Manaic had been dead, a year ! a month ! and day !

E. TREFUSIS.

ANECDOTES, &c.

MR. PITT.

SUCH is the veneration of all good men for the memory of this glorious and unrivalled statesman, that every event of his life must be considered interesting. His comprehensive mind, wearied by intense study and profound reflection, delighted in the occasional relaxation of social mirth ; and that apparent *hauteur* and coldness of manner which sometimes mark'd his conduct towards strangers was rather habitual than natural ; as the following ancedote, which we know to be true, sufficiently evinces. When in the plenitude of his popularity and power, he invited Mr. D., a celebrated vocal performer, to dine with him and some friends, in Downing-street.

After dinner the bottle was briskly circulated, and Mr. D., who justly imagined that he could be asked to the Premier's table for no other purpose than to exert his professional talents for the amusement of his guests, felt rather embarrassed, expecting every moment to be called upon: when, to his great pleasure and surprise, Mr. Pitt thus familiarly addressed him,—"Mr. D. I have long heard of the excellence of your voice, and am extremely anxious to call upon you for a song; but as this is the only time I ever had the pleasure of your company, it is but fair that I should first give you a specimen of my own abilities as a singer." He then, to the great amusement of all present, good humouredly gave the whole of Captain Morris's laughable song upon himself, "*Billy Pitt the Tory.*"

THE COUNTRY RUINED,

AN EPIGRAM.

By the Dramatic Critic in the Beau Monde*.

Perish the country! yet my NAME
Shall ne'er in *story* † be forgot,
But still the more increase in fame,
The more the country *goes to pot!*

Dublin, Nov. 19th.

A CERTAIN great actor having a house beyond Hammersmith, got one night into a hackney coach and desired the coachman to drive him on the Turnham Green road till he pulled the check string; the man accordingly mounted his box and proceeded on the journey. Mr. K——, who can sometimes drink one, two,

* See *Satirist*, No. II.—*page* 212.

† Upper *story*—*id est*,—*bed-chamber.*

three, or even on very pressing occasions *four* bottles, had unfortunately swallowed wine enough to produce a narcotic effect, and forgetful of the signal agreed upon, very comfortably went to sleep for three hours, when he was awoke by the coach suddenly stopping.—"What's the matter," exclaimed he rubbing his eyes and thrusting his head out of the window. "Please your honour," said the coachmen, "I can't go any further, I am out of the bills of mortality already!—Where shall I set you down?" "Zounds! man," replied the astonished tragedian, "get along back the same road you came till I pull the check." The coachman did as he was desired and Somnus again sealed the eyelids of Mr. K. who in due time was once more disturbed by the coachman, who appeared at the door enquiring "where his honour would be set down."—"Where am I coachman?"—"At the top of Albemarle-street, sir, and much ado I had to get my poor beasts so far." "The devil you are," said Mr. K. very deliberately, for he even swears by rule,—"well, well, I suppose I shan't see Turnham Green to night, I'll endeavour to sleep an hour or two at Hatchett's, take your fare coachman, your horses are d——d tired and so am I." We have not heard that Mrs. K——'s alarm at his absence produced any serious consequences.

Copy of a letter (and we believe very truly) said to have been written by a good and conscientious king, when importunately urged on a well known subject by a haughty nobleman.

MY LORD,

"I am one of those that regard the sanctity of an oath. I can descend from my throne and retire to a cottage. I have the firmness to lay my head on a scaffold if my people require it; but I have not firmness sufficient to violate an oath which I made with so much solemnity at my coronation."

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

A Winter in Dublin, a descriptive Tale. By Charles Sedley, Esq. Author of the Barouche Driver and his Wife, the Infidel Mother, Mask of Fashion, &c. In 3 vols. price One Guinea. Hughes.

When folly, mistaken opinions, or false hypotheses, are intruded upon our view, we are apt to ridicule, pity, and despise; but when determined vice, turpitude, indecency, and mendacity, under the assumed garb of recreations, come forward to fill the minds of our youth, male and female, with ideas the most baneful, thoughts the most improper, and sentiments the most degrading, it becomes a duty, by *persuasion*, as well as *exposition*, to crush a species of infamy as yet, thank Heaven! in its infancy, and of which the "Winter in Dublin" is a rare specimen.

For the style to which this filthy production pretends, we must own we have but little prepossession. Private circumstances, domestic incidents, and fire-side occurrences, are sacred; and the miscreant who raises a property by retailing falsehoods prejudicial to families and characters, is assuredly a more mischievous member of society than the highwayman who, with *more* courage, and as *little* vice, presents a pistol to our breast, and demands our money; for he

" Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something—nothing.
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes *me* poor indeed."

Among the primary productions in this school, the Winter in London was the most conspicuous. In the perusal of this book, while we laughed at the satire, and admired the spirit, we grieved that talent, capable of such an effort, should not have fallen upon a better subject than the libelling a set of people whose prineipal fault, in the eyes of the vulgar, is their rank. This novel, however, possessed character; it was well written, and indecency blotted not its page. Mr. Surr prefixed his name to the title, and the work grew popular ; for which we were only sorry, as it gave rise to a series of publications, not only disgraceful to their *authors*, *publishers*, and *purchasers*, but to the *age* and *land we live in*.

While reading the Infidel Mother, we conceived that for vice and folly no book could equal it : its author has convinced us of our mistake, by giving to the world the Winter in Dublin, which excels it in the three great qualifications of a modern novel, *stupidity*, *vulgarity*, and *price!!!* We shall slightly review it on the score of folly, but we should be glad to resign our task to the attorney-general of the country, who, we should suppose, might ably undertake to criticise it before the most competent *judges* in the nation.

We shall now proceed to give some specimens of the different styles.

Its Sublimity.

" From earliest recollection, when the eloquent lisp of infancy first prattles forth each young desire, Ellen had been a stranger to parents' tenderness, except to her paternal uncle, *William Loftus, Esq.!!!*"—Page 2, vol. i.

What would be thought of the man who introduced one of his friends to another as *William Loftus, Esq.* that he was either a madman or a fool? What must be the conclusion here, when in the most pathetic part of a heroine's story you hear she was protected by William Loftus, Esq.? If the author meant to infer, by the addition of Esq., that Mr. Loftus was a *gentleman*, he went a wrong way to work; it is not a general rule; among the exceptions, let us quote *Charles Sedley, Esq.*

We will now try a little of the

Descriptive.

A young lady falls violently in love with a gentleman she never happened to be within some hundred miles of, and then "She would sit in the twilight's *interesting* shade, and lost in the delirium of seducing fancy *(pretty! pretty! pretty!)* hang upon his smile *(which she had never seen)*, the dulcet melody of his voice *(which might for all she knew have been as gruff as thunder)* would steal upon her ear, and her eye gazed enamoured with his manly beauty," *(which might have been as effeminate as a Bond Street Adonis)*.

These are truly the pleasures of imagination, and are only equalled by the

Sportive.

"She would mark the gaily blossomed flowret, distinguishing *those*, most favoured, with the *rosy* touch of her taper fingers."

We have heard of the rosy fingered morn; but a love heroine with *red hands* appears a little out of character.

Then comes the

Elegant.

"Well," said Mrs. Wilmot (a lady who kept her carriage, and lived in Bolton Row) "let me help a lame dog over the style," to a beautiful girl with whom she was riding.

This we suppose must be correct, as the offer no doubt has been frequently made to the *author* in his rural walks, by some kind friend, though for our own parts we must think that his *style* of writing is a "style the *lame dog*" will find it a hard matter to *get over* at all!!

Of the Characters

while in masquerade, we have an utter contempt: for all his efforts at an exposure of vice, where it really does exist, consist in a determined repetition of worn out anecdotes, and lies completely superannuated; but when he lugs two known names into one page of his libel, we must beg leave to speak: having mentioned Robert Gore, Esq. of Seaview, in Wicklow, he says, "Generous, inconsiderate and vehement Mr. Gore is the *prototype* of his national character; for the amusement of his friends, and for the whole county, he keeps his hounds and his horses, and his sailing boats"—and then adds, that "Curran (*familiar soul*) was on a visit to him."

If Mr. Sedley had known any thing of circumstances, or had he chosen to say what he *did* know, he might have assured the world that on no *consideration whatever* would the Irish Master of the Rolls visit Mr. Gore at Seaview; and he might also have concluded that having refused him his aid when *he was tried for murder!* these gentlemen could not ever have been on terms of visiting acquaintance. The praises of Mr. Gore may easily be accounted for when we state that the *amiable* man of *ch—d k—ll—g* memory is the intimate acquaintance of his *particular friend* Mr. Hugh Doherty, of No. 12, Temple-place, Blackfriar's-road, whose catch-penny publication the publisher of this work has voluntarily offered to sell, not having libels enough of his own to disperse through the town.

The Anecdotes

are confounded and confused. The lady who cropped

the general is mistaken for a countess, whose husband having refused to satisfy a gentleman's honour, was *threatened* with the chastisement he so *indecently* mentions as having been bestowed upon her, and the character of the *little devil* who is intended for an *elder sister*, is made several years *younger* than a woman much *older than herself*.

The Episodes,

Very long quotations in prose from "Kotzebue's Travels."—"Irish History," and the worst editions of *Joe Miller*.

The Classical and Poetical Embellishments.

Two lines from the Latin grammar:

"Otium cum dignitate
"Aut Cæsar aut nullus."

One from Swift:

Get you gone raw-head and bloody bones
Here's a boy who don't fear you.

And one from Dilworth's Spelling Book:

"Evil communications corrupt good manners!!!"

The Local Information.

Curious and entertaining; but among all the *jeux d'esprits* contained in the work the following is the best, as it marks Mr. Sedley for a grave historian.

Two men riding in *Ireland* see on a board these lines:

"Had you but seen these roads *before they were made!*
"You'd lift up your winkers and bless MARSHAL WADE!!!

Now these lines, quoted as a good *Irish* joke, expose Mr. Sedley, perhaps, as much as any of his bitterest foes could wish. For every school-boy knows that *Marshal Wade* had no more to do with the *Irish highways* than the author of the *Winter in Dublin*—perhaps *not so much!*

The couplet he introduces was the production of a Mr.

Caulfield, who was employed to make military roads in *Scotland*, where *Marshal Wade* was pre-eminently *successful* in *conquest* and *improvement!* Poor Sedley, incapable of being original, you are too careless to be correct in your pilferings.

——————" Dociles *imitandis*
" Turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus,"

says Juvenal, but, thank Heaven, there are different degrees of stupidity.

Of some abuse pointed at us * in his preface, we shall take notice, to exonerate ourselves from a charge or two: first, he accuses us of " *private enmity.*" Now private enmity cannot arise without private acquaintance, and though we must own we are of aspiring minds, we do not yet possess the honor of Mr. E—k's name on the list of our peculiar intimates. He also declares our censure to be " *partial criticism;*" now of that accusation we hope to clear ourselves by writing this review. For, after reading it, we trust nobody will accuse us of *partiality to his* performances; we must rejoice however in his detail of Diogenes and the Robber, as by his own confession he stands an acknowledged *Little Thief; a sneaking rogue;* or as Gay has it—

" A petty larceny rascal,"

who is so careful of his neck that he makes the price of his Libel only *One Pound One*, to escape the punishment inflicted on criminals who *steal* to the value of FORTY SHILLINGS.

* We would advise Charles Sedley, Esq. to be cautious how he levels his abuse at us, or *we* may perhaps amuse the world with a few *extraordinary* anecdotes collected from the *West Indies*, and other sources of *interesting* information.

Qui me commôrit, melius non tangere clamo,
Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe. HOR.

Of the Language.

It is in many places not common English, in few, common sense; in all tiresome, and in several so indecent that a libertine would turn from it with horror.

Of the Title.

It is—but a name!——

Unawed by his menaces, unmoved by his abuse, firm to our trust, and steady to our purpose, have we again reviewed this author; the subject grows serious, the evil increases, the only species of work now published is libel.

Parents, husbands, guardians and tutors, if you possess the feelings appropriate to your characters, come forward, it is in your power, and crush the monster vice while yet in infancy; it depends on you to encourage or to destroy the system. If you determine not to read, and not to suffer to be read, works of the same cast as this, their author will not continue to write them; but if you consider the cause too frivolous, he may remain assured that in spite of every *personality*, of every THREAT and every BRIBE, whenever he chooses to publish such a work, the lash of the *Satirist* shall be again applied; and ready to espouse the cause of offended virtue, betrayed decency, and violated modesty, their PORCUPINES will always have a quill ready to deprecrate, and if possible to crush the vicious efforts of hireling writers, libellous vilifiers, and ignorant pretenders.

Contemplation, a Poem; with Tales and other Poetical Compositions, by John Penwarne, Longman and Co. 1807.

The conductors of the Satirist will constantly have in view, the encouragement of rising genius, in every branch of literature, instead of blighting it in the bud, which has been the too general practice of many of the

periodical reviewers, who to indulge a vein of satire, or a propensity for shallow witticisms, pass sentence of condemnation, without mercy, on young authors, and are more particularly severe on poets. As a contrast to such cruel censures, wherever dawning merit *is conspicuous*, the fostering hand of liberality shall nurture the tender plant, and forward its progress to maturity.

On this principle, we usher into public notice, the poetical essays of a young Cornish Bard, consisting of Contemplation, an interesting narrative poem in blank verse; it is divided into four cantos. The descriptive scenery lies in *Cornwall.* The subjects exhibit the various powers of contemplation: a view from Mountsbay suggests an allusion to the early trade of Britain with Tyre, Sidon and Phenicia, and proves that Cornwall was the cradle of British commerce—

> " 'Twas here she grew, on *Ocean's* bosom nurs'd,
> " Who to her riper years her trident gave,
> " And bad her rule the waves with sovereign sway."

A hurricane in the West Indies—a shipwreck; William and Mary, an affecting catastrophe—the pilchard fishery; a descent into the mines; the miner's dream and address to Hope; description of *Camberhill;* of the Druids; the promontory of *Bellerium*, or the *Landsend*; the return of the British fleet from Trafalgar; the death of lord Nelson; Nelson's reflections on the war; description of the *Cassiterides* or *Scilly Islands;* and other incidental events complete the poem, to which are annexed explanatory and illustrative notes.

The harmony of the versification, the moral purity and elegance of the sentiments, and the information comprised in the historical sketches, form a composition meriting general approbation. The lighter pieces, consisting of lively tales, songs, and other miscellaneous poetical effusions, conclude an amusing pocket volume.

The following description of an Hurricane, in the West Indies is extremely spirited.

" Nor less destructive sweeps the hurricane,
At first the air in awful stillness sleeps,
As VENGEANCE paus'd, collecting all her might
To pour in tenfold fury down.— The sun
Seems ting'd with blood—no zephyr's fanning wing
Allays the sultry heat. The timid herds
Run wildly o'er the plains, or to the groves
In secret crept with mournful lowings speak
Instructive fears—the feather'd tribes are mute,
In darkest covert hid—the lurid sky
Man fearful eyes as silently he walks,
And to his trembling family retires.
Now cowering Nature waits the dread event,
In awful expectation—from the hills,
Its distant voice is heard—like the shrill cries
Of tortur'd fiends it meets the startled ear;
Or as the sound of mighty waters bursts.
Thro' congregating clouds, the struggling beams
Of the departing day, shed doubtful light
And gloomy horror—with resistless force
Now sweeping earth and sea, rushes the STORM,
And with increasing swell and louder voice,
Impetuous roars, and bears upon its wing
Th' uprooted forest and the planter's hopes, &c."

We noticed a few inaccuracies in the metre, and too many plagiarisms from Gray and other poets. The author should leave such practices to *minor* poets.

Sympathy, and other Poems, including Landscapes in Verse, and Cottage Pictures: revised, corrected, and enlarged, by Mr. Pratt, 12mo. Phillips, 1807, pp. 360.

There are few living authors who have written so much as Mr. Pratt, and fewer who have written so well. His appeals are g nerally made to the heart in the cause of sor-

row or misfortune; and, to the honour of the British nation, he has always been listened to with attention. The Poem of "Sympathy," when it was first published, established its author's fame as a poet and a philanthropist. The elegant little volume before us contains, besides the subjects mentioned in the title page, "Tears of Genuis," "Shadows of Shakspeare," and several miscellaneous selections. The engravings, which are numerous, are well executed by Cardon, after some beautiful designs of Loutherbourg and Barker.

The Epics of the Ton; or the Glories of the Great World, a Poem, in Two Books, with Notes and Illustrations, Second Edition. Baldwins, price 7*s.* 6*d.* pp. 280.

In this poem, which has been very generally reviewed, and very liberally praised by our brother critics, we have discovered full as much ground for censure as for praise. Instead of amusing his readers with keen and legitimate satire, the author not unfrequently fatigues them with a dull detail of the birth, parentage, and education, of his heroes and heroines, and an uninteresting account of their shape and size.

He appears to have taken a transient view of the fashionable world, without having been permitted to mingle with its inhabitants: and to have sketched most of his portraits rather from description than from life. Many of the enormities which disgrace some of the higher circles are permitted to escape with impunity, while their minor follies experience the severest punishment he is capable of inflicting. That his portraits are not always correct, the lines on the duchess of St. A—— incontrovertibly prove.

After having recorded the *interesting* fact, that her grace's footmen wear black stockings with yellow clocks, he thus proceeds:

> She has poor nature veil'd with skilful art,
> Thrown rich amendments o'er each faulty part;

And colours not vouchsafed the human face,
Cull'd from the shrub, the mine, and strow'd with grace,
So nicely touch'd her frame from top to bottom,
And all her charms so alter'd since she got 'em,
That with the knowing 'tis an even bet
If she or nature's most in other's debt.

Now, we by no means take upon ourselves to say that if the duchess of St. A—— imagined her charms would be increased by the addition of *colours* "culled from the shrub and mine," she would not, like other fashionable beauties, have recourse to their assistance; but nature having bestowed on her a brilliancy of complexion superior to any thing which could be supplied by foreign aid, we are certain that she possesses too much good taste, and too much vanity

"To mar a gift so fair."

The simplicity of her dress, which is always as destitute of meretricious ornament as her lovely countenance is void of art, proves that she justly thinks

"Beauty when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

When, however, this author delineates characters with whom he happens to be well acquainted, his pictures are admirably executed; his poetry, with the exception of a few hobbling lines, and not a few miserable ryhmes, such as "*riddance*" and "*Siddons*" is melodious, expressive, and sometimes exquisitely beautiful. The character of the lovely lady C— C— is, in our opinion, by far his happiest effort; but as this has been selected as a specimen, by almost every reviewer who has noticed the work, we shall present our readers with the following lines on L—d H—y P—y:

"When mighty foes, now mightier than before,
Turn all their wrath on our deserted shore;
When many a king dethroned, and plunder'd state,
Would seem to warn us of approaching fate;

Whom should we seek to snatch the wav'ring helm,
And through the shoals conduct the plunging realm?
The man who oft, mid tempests loud and dark,
Has seen the breakers dash around the bark;
Who proudly resolute, and sternly brave,
Seems to require no second hand to save;
Plans for himself, and what he plans performs.
As deaf to prayers as to the raging storms;
Who, stout in words, nor less in count'nance bold,
Confirms the timid, animates the cold;
And seems prepared, when all at length is lost,
Still to stand up, and perish on his post:
Such is the man for this dark season fit,
Such once we had; for such a man was PITT.
Peace to his shade! Be all his faults forgot!
Complete perfection is no human lot.
He was a statesman from his cradle bred,
And high and lofty tower'd his youthful head;
His idol glory, matchless pow'r his pride,
All meaner ends were thrown with scorn aside;
While wealth and honours on his nod await,
He liv'd a commoner, and died in debt;—
A debt his grateful country pays in tears,
And counts it little of her vast arrears.
When Europe sunk and Britain stood aghast,
And freedom trembled at the sweeping blast;
Thou ne'er wert known, with changing petty grace,
At Lady Bab's to shew thy simp'ring face;
At routs to flutter, or at hops to trip,
A bow to study, criticize a dip,
Consult with Hoby on the newest boot,
And hear Floriche upon a birth-day suit;
Thy trappings more than taxes to debate,
And more thy motions study than the state;
Or still at H—ll—d house to smirk and dine;
And charm my lady by your looks so fine,
Accept her box to snuff the country air,
And waste your many hours of leisure there;

Politely pliant or to dine or dance,
And but in council give a thought to France.
Or, in the senate, quite as brilliant grown,
And quite as pliant, swell in gentle tone,
The smooth round speech, whose lubricating phrase
Aims at some pretty thought a thousand ways;
(Soft its meander, save where vandal force
Of crabbed figures cross its limpid course;
Those imps which make the senses reel, and, zounds!
Mistake a cypher for a thousand pounds;
While pitying friends excuse thy stammering jaw,
By humbly pleading thou wer't but cat's-paw:—)
Or shrinking hear the loud denouncer's call,
Another Felix 'fore another Paul;
Quit thy crude measure without shame or sorrow,
To-day propose it, and retract to-morrow:
Content, though crowds should sneer, and Cobbett teaze,
To hold thy station, and be quite at ease.
Such wert not thou. By great ambition led
To rule in Britain and on France to tread.
No silly joys the fluttering crowd that fire
Possess'd thy heart, or waken'd thy desire.
One play seem'd quite enough in fourteen years,
And women's smiles were pass'd like actors tears.
Still full of Britain's fame, and Europe's fate,
Days spent in business, nights in strong debate,
By thee no sports were sought, no tasteful hours,
Till nature mourn'd o'er thine exhausted pow'rs,
Saw thy griev'd spirit part with many a groan,
More pierc'd by Europe's ills than by thine own."

Immediately after this just tribute to the memory of the greatest statesman England ever boasted (which by the bye we are falsely told in the notes, is too flattering a picture) the author indulges in the most wanton, unjust, and illiberal attack upon Mr. S——r P——l, we suppose, with the intention of proving his impartiality, but which in our opinion evinces only his political depravity.

The notes in general, though correctly written, are vapid and spiritless. In a satirical work of this nature, we generally look to these for the unrestrained ebullitions of the author's wit and fancy; but, here we could discover nothing to laugh at, and very little to amuse. In some instances the satire is so obscure, and the irony so unskilfully managed, that it must be, by a majority of readers, mistaken for praise instead of ridicule. We select, as an example, the note at page 4, on the following line:

"And gold in showers produce to either Bell."

"Is is needless," says this author, "to inform my fashionable readers that *La Belle Assemblée*, that ornament of every lady's toilet, is published by Bell the father, while *Le Beau Monde*, that inseparable companion of every man of fashion, is given to the world by Bell the son. But it is necessary to state, that a promise on the part of these gentlemen is the cause why this volume is not adorned with plates. As they have advertised their intention of giving the subjects of my song to the public in a series of engravings, of which the first will appear in an early number of their valuable repositories, I thought it unnecessary to encrease the price of my publication by embellishing it with plates. The fashionable world may depend upon it, that the elegance of the execution will correspond with their highest expectation; and I would recommend to all lovers of this volume, to secure good impressions, by early ordering La Belle Assemblée and Le Beau Monde for the next two or three years. Had it not been for this undertaking of Messrs. Bell, each of the following epics would have been adorned with a cut exhibiting a striking likeness of the hero or heroine."

Now, who that had not seen the ridiculous and absurd publications of those pretenders to fashionable patronage, the Messrs. Bells (which are only calculated to amuse country misses and city clerks, and to inform them what hackney painters imagine to be the newest fashions) could have supposed that the above note was meant for irony and ridicule. We very much doubt if the ingenious editors of those *wonderful productions*, practised as they are in the art, could have penned a more captivating puff.

Mr. Blore's Statement of a Correspondence with Richard Phillips, Esq. Sheriff, &c. &c. &c. respecting the Antiquary's Magazine. Crosby and Co. Price 1s. 1807.

Oh, Mr. Blore! what have you done? What can you expect short of annihilation for your unequalled presumption? Could not the glare of liveries, the pomp of equipage, and all the attributes of civic magnificence, awe you to silence? Confound not the *present* with the *past*. When Mr. Phillips, in kindness to the rising generation, condescended to instruct young gentlemen in the art of spelling—when, to enlighten and "*regenerate*" mankind, he magnanimously resolved to publish the *Leicester Herald*, a paper scarcely equalled in *loyalty* by the Independant Whig—when, his house at Leicester having become too *hot* to hold him, he vouchsafed to vend in St. Paul's Church Yard, (doubtless from the best of motives) stockings for our feet, and flannels for the *dickies* of our wives and sisters—nay, even after he had become the rich but plain and *simple* Richard Phillips, of New Bridge-Street—you might have ventured to murmur, if you felt that he had injured and insulted you, but to assail Mr. *Sheriff* Phillips, clothed in all the dignity of office, in the *blaze* of his—*glory*—in the very acme of his fame,

"With all his *blushing* honours thick upon him,"

is a crime so presumptious and unparallelled that we *cannot* find words to express our astonishment and horror.

Rash, unthinking man! we leave you to your fate; and proceed to take cognizance of your daring pamphlet.

Mr. Blore accuses Mr. Phillips of having obtained the plan of his recent publication, *The Antiquary's Magazine*, from him; and of having behaved in a most

T. Plummer, Printer, Seething-Lane.

unhandsome and ungentlemanlike manner; and candour compels us to declare that he has manfully supported his allegations. (But our readers will please to observe that this happened before Mr. P. was sheriff of London, and therefore disgraces not—his office.)

From the correspondence which took place between these gentlemen, it appears that, previous to their quarrel, Mr. P. had a very high opinion of Mr. Blore's talents as an antiquarian, but after that unfortunate event, he *dignified* him with the appellation of "A *church-yard and pot' de chambre* antiquary." This fracas appears to have worked as complete a revolution in the sheriff's opinion as Dame Fortune has in his life. The following Mr. B gives as an authentic copy of a letter he received from this gentleman, but our readers will scarcely believe that a man who * * * * * * * * could ever be sheriff of London, whose peculiar business it is (by his deputy Jack Ketch) to execute *capital offenders.*

No. 4.

Mr. P. to Mr. B.

Dear Sir,

"YOU will essentially serve me if you will permit your *truly ingenious son* to make a drawing of the SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER, three-fourths of the height and length of that in plate I. of the enclosed.* The several sides will enable him to correct the figures accurately, and so TO VARY THE DRAWING AS THAT WE MAY NOT BE ACCUSED OF PIRACY. *Till after three months* the original will be enclosed in a case. I am, &c.

R. PHILLIPS.

Now Mr. Blore must either be guilty of an abominable falsehood, in asserting that such a letter was written by Mr. Phillips, or Mr. Phillips must have been a ——— In short, what we hope he *put off*

* Egyptian monuments, drawn by Alexander, engraved by Medland, and published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme. T. B.

when he *put on* his robes of office; or we can assure him that all his quackery, and all the puffs of the *Independant Whig*, will only obtain that disgraceful popularity which is purchased by *deception* of ignorance. Mr. Phillips should recollect, that a good name may be easily lost, but that a bad one can neither be expunged by water nor destroyed by FIRE.

We shall strictly watch over his *official* conduct, and prevent him *(if possible)* from deluding a credulous public.

The Odes of Anacreon of Teos, Translated into English by the Reverend Thomas Gilpin, A. B. 12mo. price 7s. 6d. Mawman. 1806.

The good intentions with which this work is published cannot be too highly applauded; and we see no reason to doubt that it will produce the most beneficial results. The society for suppressing vice, who have often found it necessary to protect the community against the seductive compositions of the Pagan classics, were of opinion that no poet of antiquity contained stronger incentives to the passions than Anacreon, and resolved to deprive him of the means of farther mischief. They accordingly engaged a gentleman of much respectability to *do him into English* in such a style that his works in future shall only repel and disgust, instead of pleasing and and attracting. His verse, which was the essence of harmony, is tamed down to *sorry* prose: his exquisite language, the perfection of Grecian elegance, is crucified into bad and ungrammatical English: his tender pathos, his romantic attachment to the fair, have degenerated into feebleness: his exhilirating Chian wines are become a stupifying ale: his temple of Bacchus is metamorphosed into a Tadcaster pothouse. Those who take

this volume as a specimen of his productions, will certainly despise the meanness of his talents more than they can condemn the mischief of his principles; and he will be doomed by them to rank for ever with the dullest heroes of the Dunciad.

Mr. Gilpin expresses his wish to render his work a *correct* and *useful* edition of Anacreon, and in this point of view he has completely succeeded.

From the same judicious attention to the interests of the rising generation, the moral managers of Drury-Lane select the least beautiful women of the company to enact the female friends of Macheath; and Lamorce in the Inconstant, and Corinna in the Citizen, are stripped of all their dangerous allurements by their venerable representative Miss T——.

Corinna, or Italy. (Continued from our last.)

An admiration of the English character was evidently the impulse to the present composition, and it abounds with passages of which the intention is to recal the vagrant attention of French frivolity to more useful occupations.

As a specimen of her exquisite skill in delineating national characters, we select the following extract from a letter of Corinna's.

"The Italians partake even of an oriental lassitude, but there are no men in existence more active and persevering, when their passions are once excited. The very women, indolent as the sultanas of the seraglio, are capable, on the spur of occasion, of the most astonishing actions. There is something mysterious in the Italian character and imagination. You may perceive in it alternately the most unexpected traits of generosity and friendship, and the most gloomy and fearful proofs of hatred and vengeance. In Italy there is no object for emulation. Life is there little more than a crowded dream, under a celestial sky; but give these people a substantial object, and you would see in six months, that all would learn and all understand; this remark

is applicable to the women; but why instruct them, since the greater part of the men know nothing. They may, perhaps, isolate their hearts, while cultivating their understandings; but they would speedily become worthy of superior men, did such become the object of their tenderness. Here all sleep; but in a region where every important interest slumbers, repose and unconsciousness are more respectable than a little vain agitation for paltry or insignificant objects.

" Literature languishes here; for those sources whence it should spring are not supplied with a variety of important events: but has not Italy, under all these disadvantages, testified as great an admiration of letters, and the fine arts, as any other country? We know from historical records that the popes, the Roman princes, and the people, have uniformly rendered to eminent painters, poets, and authors, the most distinguished homage. This enthusiasm for genuine talents, I avow to be one of the principal causes which attach me to this country. Here are no attempts to check the imagination, to discourage wit, or to thwart the productions of natural genius. Here an idea, a sentiment, a felicitous expression, in a manner electrifies a crowd of auditors. Talent, which here holds the first rank, excites no small portion of envy. Pergolese was assassinated on account of that exquisite composition his *Stabats*. Georgion armed himself with a ciurass, when he was obliged to paint in public. This violent jealousy which talent creates is also powerful in other countries; but here it degrades not its object, it can hate, proscribe, annihilate, and nevertheless, blending fanatism with admiration, it still excites that genius which it persecutes."

Without suffering ourselves to be overawed into any deviation from the rectitude of justice, by the fear of bringing suspicion on our critical sagacity, we calmly considered by what abatements we were called upon to reduce our high eulogium, and we could discover but one important defect in this work. Episodical narrations, even with the spirit and elegance of this writer's diction, are never so affecting as the occurrence of events in the progress of the story. Like Virgil, Madame de Stael has abruptly leaped into the bustle of her fable, and like Virgil she is obliged to give an account of circumstances antecedent to its commencement.

Having thus endeavoured, by a just representation of her claim, to obtain for this elegant authoress the notice of the public, we shall not be transgressing the province of our office, when we recommend her to the favour of the patriot. The English nation is, indeed, in a peculiar manner indebted to her. By the conduct and catastrophe of her narrative, she has forcibly inculcated, that although the vivid blaze of an Italian imagination may dazzle for a while, it is only the milder but more permanent lustre of his virtuous countrywomen that can give lasting satisfaction to the affections of an Englishman.

The Discovery; or the Mysterious Separation of Hugh Doherty, Esquire and his Wife. By H. D. Esq. 7s. *No.* 2, *Temple-Place, Blackfriars Road.*

So! here is a pretty little seven shilling book, about Hugh Doherty, Esquire, and the wife of Hugh Doherty, Esq.—written by Hugh Doherty, Esquire—published for Hugh Doherty, Esquire, and to be had only of Hugh Doherty, Esquire!!!

And who, in the name of wonder, is Hugh Doherty, Esquire!!!?

His grandfather—(this is his own account)—was the *late* Hugh Doherty, Esq.—*(wonderful)*—and was descended (very much *descended* indeed) from a family as *ancient* and *respectable* as any in *that part* of the united kingdom (Ireland.) This may either allude to the goodness of his genealogy or the badness of his grandfather's neighbourhood. His father married Miss Canning, who was sister to George Canning, Esq. of Garvagh, grandfather to the Right Honourable George Canning. So that this labrynth of consanguinity is explored to prove that Hugh Doherty's, Esquire, *father's wife's father's son's son* is a secretary of state.—A prodigious bit of family connection!

This little and entertaining book contains the loves of Captain Doherty and Miss Holmes, with a true and particular account how he went to the opera and saw Miss Holmes; how Miss Holmes saw him; how she fell in love with him, and how he pretended to fall in love with *she*; how her father gave him her hand, and let him into his house when he should have bestowed on him his foot, and have kicked him out of it.* How the young lady went mad, and was sent to a mad-house; how Sir Walter Farquhar was no fit doctor for her, and how Dr. Symmons was; how she wrote letters; how she ran away with him; how they were married and had a child; and how they lived together, and were parted.

These are the contents of this rare work; but we must own we were a little puzzled to know what the world had to do with Mr. Doherty and his wife, till we discovered the following paragraph, at page 223.

"As I have avowedly published this book for the purpose of freeing my character from obliquy, and myself and child from prison, I shall feel infinitely obliged to all those who will prevail on their friends to *take* and not to *lend* it !!!"

Never did modest Hibernian make a more modest request. Really it is a trait in his character that must interest every one in his behalf; it is so laudable a mode of emancipation, to relieve himself from prison by betraying the confidential correspondence of a young lady whom he pretends to *adore*.

Of all passions love is allowed to be the strongest; the wisest are subject to its controul, the bravest must submit to its commands; and though for our part we see nothing either fascinatingly sublime or beautiful

* In a future number we shall treat of the imprudent conduct of those parents who admit adventurers of this species into the confidence of their families.

about the person and manners of Hugh Doherty, Esquire, yet Miss Holmes might have been of a very different opinion; there is, to be sure, no accounting for taste, but if a wild, unsophisticated girl of fifteen, in the candor of her heart, and the fulness of her passion, confides her sentiments to the man she honours with her affection, and that man blazons those sentiments to the world for any purpose, or upon any consideration, that man must be a s———l.

To say so much of the Irish fortune-hunter now before us would, perhaps, be too severe, but if he will find any word less grating to his feelings, and which is equivalent to that epithet, we shall be happy to bestow it upon him, and think it very justly applied.

What a paltry, pitiful revenge is it to expose the words of a woman as they came from the soul. On whom does it reflect disgrace?—On himself; for nothing so plainly speaks his ill usage of her subsequent to their union, as the warmth of her attachment prior to it. It must be very harsh treatment that could eradicate an affection so deeply rooted as he declares hers to have been.

To consider who, in this family matter, has the best of it, is not our province, but if any thing expressed by us in the shape of contempt for this catchpenny, prevents the sale of a single copy, we shall think, by thwarting the designs of this mercenary Irishman, "we do the state some service; and as for his emancipation, as times go, the rules of the King's Bench are no such bad lodgings for "*gentlemen in the Captain's condition.*"

We must, however observe, ere we conclude, in opposition to Mr. Doherty's *assertions* of his affection and kindness, we have the lady's *oath* of his ill usage and brutality.

T. Plummer, Printer, Seething-Lane.

Advice to a young Reviewer, with a specimen of the Art. Barker and Cook, Oxford, and Rivingtons, London, 1807, pp. 17.

So anxious were we to peruse this little book, and profit by its precepts, that the moment it reached us we tore open its leaves, and without even waiting to snuff our candles or adjust our wigs, eagerly read as follows, page 4.

"Since much depends upon the rhythm and terseness of expression, both of which are sometimes destroyed by dropping a single word or transposing a phrase, I have known much advantage arise from not quoting in the form of a literal extract, but giving a brief summary in *prose* of the contents of a *poetical* passage; and interlarding your own language with occasional phrases of the poem, marked with inverted commas. These and a thousand other little witty expedients, by which the arts of quizzing and banter flourish, practice will soon teach you. If it should be necessary to transcribe a dull passage, not very fertile in topics of humour and raillery, you may introduce it as a *favorable* specimen of the author's manner."

Reader, imagine, if thou canst, our chagrin at thus discovering how miserably ignorant we were of the noble art of criticism; we, poor *mistaken* souls, had always been accustomed to write as we thought; to praise wisdom, modesty, and worth, and only to censure ignorance impudence, and infamy. Resolved, however, to rectify our errors according to the advice of this critical MENTOR, (whom, had he been less witty, we should have supposed to be the great Mr. Jeffery himself) we carefully perused the whole of his pamphlet, and arose from the agreeable task in a better humour—than *most of our brethren will;* for "*our* withers are unwrung." To be serious, the advice is in a style of irony of which the author of "the Characteristics" might have been proud; and the *specimen* is one of the most admirable imitations of the *cant trim* and trick of the critical trade, that has ever yet been

addressed to the understanding of the public. It is impossible that any *conception* can have been more happy than making one of the most beautiful and long established effusions of English poetry, the *L'Allegro of Milton*, the poem selected for the critique, nor was ever any *delivery* of wit and satire more perfect and complete. Want of room prevents our extracting more than the first page and a half of this admirable burlesque.

"*L'Allegro, a Poem*, by John Milton.—No Printer's name.

It has become a practice of late with a certain description of people, who have no visible means of subsistence, to string together a few trite images of rural scenery, interspersed with vulgarisms in dialect, and traits of vulgar manners; to dress up those materials in a sing-song jingle, and to offer them for sale as a poem. According to the most approved recipes, something about the heathen gods and goddesses, and the school-boy topics of Styx and Cerberus, and Elysium, is occasionally thrown in, and the composition is complete. The stock in trade of these adventurers is in general scanty enough, and their art therefore consists in disposing it to the best advantage. But if such be the aim of the writer, it is the critic's business to detect and defeat the impostor; to warn the public against the purchase of shop-worn goods, and tinsel wares; to protect the fair trader, by exposing the tricks of needy quacks and mountebanks; and to chastise that forward and noisy importunity, with which they present themselves to the public notice.

How far Mr. Milton is amenable to this discipline, will best appear from a brief analysis of the poem before us. In the very opening he assumes a tone of authority, which might better suit some veteran bard than a raw candidate for the Delphic bays: for, before he proceeds to the regular process of invocation, he clears the way by driving

from his presence, with sundry hard names and bitter reproaches on her father, mother, and all the family, a venerable personage, whose age at least, and staid matron-like appearance, might have entitled her to more civil language.

> " Hence, loath'd melancholy;
> " Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
> " In Stygian cave forlorn," &c.

" There is no giving rules, however, in these matters, without a knowledge of the case. Perhaps the old lady had been frequently warned off before, and provoked this violence by continuing still to lurk about the poet's dwelling. And to say the truth, the reader will have but too good reason to remark, before he gets through the poem, that it is one thing to tell the spirit of Dulness to depart, and another thing to get rid of her in reality. Like Glendower's spirits, any one may order them away, " but will they go when you do order them ?"

" But let us suppose for a moment that the Parnassian decree is obeyed, and according to the letter of the *order*, which is as precise and wordy as if Justice Shallow himself had drawn it, that the obnoxious female is sent back to the place of her birth,

> " 'Mongst horrid shapes, shrieks, sights," &c.

at which we beg our fair readers not to be alarmed, for we can assure them they are only words of course in all poetical instruments of this nature, and mean no more than the " force of arms," and " instigation of the devil," in a common indictment. This nuisance then being abated, we are left at liberty to contemplate a character of a different complexion " buxom, blithe, and debonair," one who, although evidently a great favourite of the poet's, and therefore to be received with all due courtesy, is notwithstanding introduced under the suspicious description of an *alias*.

" In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
" And by men, heart-easing mirth."

" Judging indeed from the light and easy deportment of this gay nymph, one might guess there were good reasons for a change of name, as she changed her residence."

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

We stated in our First Number, that under this head we should occasionally present our readers with the peculiar and prominent excellences *of any sort* which we might observe in the *great* periodical censors of literature whom we consult for the direct purposes of this article. We do not profess, however, to give our attention studiously to that end; and it will in some degree depend upon accidental circumstances, how far such objects may strike our notice. We here offer a few of this nature.

The Monthly Review for last August concludes its examination of a new translation of the Book of Job by Dr. Stock, bishop of Killala, by hinting as a " punster," that " the *book* of *Job* by Dr. *Stock* is a *job book*, and will not become a *stock book*." This witticism, on the occasion of a translation of a book of Scripture by a bishop, must be acknowledged to be particularly appropriate and decorous: in considering also the established chararter of the Review in question, we are reminded of our friend Esop's story of the long-eared animal that emulated the playful tricks of the lap-dog; and we think it a pity that the consequent reward should be withheld in the present instance.

In a criticism furnishing part of the article which the reader will find numbered 9 in our present list, the Critical Review for September last says with equal modesty and elegance: " We shall take the liberty of introducing the author to the acquaintance of our readers; and Mr. H." (the author), " we trust, will not be displeased with us for placing him in a circle of such genteel company." SUCH *genteel company*, indeed! This, with the general clumsy structure of the criticism (as it is called), and some other circumstances, give us a

strong suspicion that it did not proceed from the regular manufactory of the Review in question; but was supplied by the author himself (for such things *do* happen) or one of his friends, who thought to please the *fashionable* editor by so delicate a compliment.

The Edinburgh Review seems inclined to take a more extensive compass in its communications. In its last quarterly Number, toward the conclusion of an article on a volume descriptive of *New Zealand*, we find the following ingenious addition: "We *know not very well* how to apologize for concluding this article by introducing several curious particulars with which we have been favoured with respect to the progress of civilization among *another class of savages*, to whom we some time ago called the attention of our readers. This information, however, well deserves to be known; and we possess at present *no other occasion* upon which to communicate it. It is the last intelligence relating to the success of the quaker experiment for civilizing the *North American Indians*," &c.—How far this may be called *lugging a thing in by the head and shoulders*, we shall not presume to determine.

A propos of the Edinburgh Review. There has been lately published at Oxford a pamphlet entitled Advice to a Young Reviewer, with a Specimen of the Art.* This we may probably have occasion hereafter to introduce regularly to our readers in our comparative department, as soon as we have collected a sufficient *variety* of opinions respecting its merit; but our immediate purpose with it is different. It is supposed to have been written in the spirit of revenge and ridicule of some published criticism bearing hard on a friend of the author's. The *Critical Review*, feeling *the cap fit*, at once takes the whole imputation and severity upon itself; but the Eclectic Review makes it the cause or pretext of the following speculations: "These ironical instructions are apparently levelled at a *Scotch Review*, which is singularly well calculated to gratify and aggravate the propensities of a selfish and irreligious age. Its peculiar qualifications are well known to consist in a complete sacrifice of feeling to wit, and of justice to malignity; in frequent sallies of ridicule against the principles, and of scepticism against the authority, of divine revelation. Its popularity, like that of Voltaire and Samuel Foote, is a stain and a curse on the character of the public; a test that it is corrupt, and a pledge of its increasing corruption. The ability that such a work may often manifest is the very circumstance that embitters our indignation against its guilt, and our apprehensions from its influence."

* Vide page 313 of our present Number.

—This is a tolerably smart *tirade.* Reviews, we believe, have hitherto considered each other as inviolable characters; but if the system of mutual attack and abuse is introduced, who shall say to what length it may be carried?

"When *Greek* meets *Greek*, then comes the tug of war."

We fancy, however, that we can solve the whole mystery. Our readers must know then, that the publishers (who are also the proprietors) of the Eclectic Review, have lately had a law-suit with another bookseller concerning the exclusive privilege of publishing in London this Scotch apple of discord; and having been unsuccessful in their legal contest, *they* seem to have taken this method of reviling the *sour fruit* which they have lost. Oh! "there are secrets in all trades, and OURS is *one grand* ARCANUM."

We have now to announce, that under this head of our miscellany, it is our intention, in future, to extend our observations to most of those luminaries which shed only a portion of their periodical influence on the region of criticism; (in other words, to make our extracts from such publications as, like our own, devote only one department, out of several, to the business of reviewing:)—so as to include, within the range of our view, both the aurora-*borealis* (the great *Northern* Light) in its chilling splendour, and also the *asteroids* that shine but with telescopic effulgence. One of these latter will be perceived glimmering in our present Number; and they will be met with occasionally hereafter.

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1. All the Talents; a Satirical Poem, by Polypus.

"The chief merit of this painter consists in the *wonderful accuracy* of his *likenesses*; which is so great, that any man, on the slightest inspection, will immediately know who sat for the picture.—These observations are *not more strongly marked* by severity than by JUSTICE. The heart and the *head* seem to have been equally concerned in the conception and execution of these passages: their strength reflects credit on the one, and their *ability confers honour* on the other. The last lines are *highly poetical* and animated."—Antijacobin Review.

"There is plenty of severity in this poem, but it is *not* the severity of one who is qualified to give *poetical grace* to the effusions of his anger."—British Critic.

"*Never* was PARTIALITY *more strongly marked*, nor hatred more indiscreet and unrestrained. Polypus out-herods Herod in some of his *caricatures*; and if he did not *write the name* under some of the *portraits*, it would be *difficult to find out* for whom they were intended."—Monthly Review.

"Had Polypus been possessed of *more knowledge* of the *objects* of his attack, of *some* powers of *poetry*, and of any degree of wit, he might have written an ingenious poem; but being without 'all the talents' we have mentioned, he has composed a very jejune thing, with *little truth and less merit*.—Though party-malice may have been pleased with some of this *stuff*, we defy the world to find in it any wit or humour. The author perpetually relapses into the old strain of *insufferable dulness and nonsense*.—Was there ever such *trash?*—We should not have extracted so much of this *miserable trash*, had we not heard that party-prejudice goes so far as to praise it."—Monthly Mirror.

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2. Speech of Mr. Deputy Birch in the Common Council, March 5, 1807.

"The speech of Mr. Deputy Birch is such as might be looked for from one of his calling: it *surfeits* the understanding, *without substance* or nourishment. Indeed we owe some apology to our readers, for noticing *such* a performance at all."—Edinburgh Review.

"The *strong* and plain *good sense* of this speech are calculated to produce the effects, &c.—Most of the leading topics which this great question involves, are *ably* touched by Mr. B."—British Critic.

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3. The Dangers of the Country. By the Author of War in Disguise.

"The author is master of an *eloquent* pen, writes in an excellent temper, &c."—Monthly Review.

"Many of the descriptions are eminently beautiful, and are painted in vivid colours. The *second part* of the work treats of the means by which these Dangers may be averted: on *each* of these points he *reasons with great ability*. His *style* is copious,

yet NERVOUS: his descriptions are animated and striking."—Anti-jacobin Review.

"The ENERGY of this writer's *language* refreshes our minds, &c."—British Critic.

"In the *second part* of his work, the author proposes to point out a remedy for these evils; but in this more comfortable and pleasing task, we are concerned to say that he is *by no means* equally *successful*: the *reasoning*, we suspect, would *scarcely go down* in a *sermon*."—Edinburgh Review.

"The style of this pamphlet is NOT of that STRONG, concise, MANLY cast, which is so acceptable in political discussion. It has too much of that *affected refinement* which abounds in the modern novel; and we are always sorry when we find this kind of *sentimental slip-slop*, &c."—Oxford Review.

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4. An Essay towards a Connected Elucidation of the Prophetical Parts of the Apocalypse. By Stephen Morell.

"On a sea covered with wrecks, Mr. Morell ventures to launch his little bark; though evidently with no more knowledge of the navigation, than was possessed by the unfortunate mariners who have preceded him. He has laid down no meridian, he has taken no soundings, and his chart is a bold *sketch of the imagination*. We look on such attempts more with *pity* than displeasure."—Monthly Review.

"This work is introduced by a *sensible* preface, and is in itself of a *respectable character*."—Critical Review.

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5. The Manual of Youth, &c. &c. By J. Ouiseau, A. M.

"This certainly may be found altogether a *convenient* and *useful* book for academies."—British Critic.

"The title-page is a complete bill of fare; and if, by perusing it, parents are induced to treat their children with this entertainment, they will find *every thing*, in general, *very good* of its kind."—Eclectic Review.

"When we took up this volume, we expected to find a *golden treasure*; but reviewers, as well as readers, are frequently *disappointed and deceived*. This Manual contains little originality in

matter, and nothing very striking in arrangement. An attractive portico sets off an indifferent house, and a commanding title often helps to sell an useless book."—Oxford Review.

"The title-page of the Manual of Youth resembles the advertisement of a quack-medicine; professing every thing, *and fulfilling nothing*. It is without exception the *most unmeaning* and the dearest publication which has for some time come under our inspection."—Critical Review.

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6. Oxford Prize-Poems.

—"To the two next poems (the Aboriginal Britons, and *Palestine*), our limits will by no means permit us to do that justice we could wish; for in strength of imagery, and harmony of versification, they are certainly *equal, if not superior, to any modern poetry*."—Oxford Review.

"The exordium to Mr. Heber's *Palestine* is simple and elegant; but the poems afterwards becomes a sort of *common-place book*, for the insertion of all that the author might have picked up in desultory reading on the subject. We have heard this poem much commended: for our own parts, we could *fall asleep standing* while reading it."—Critical Review.

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7. A Sermon preached at Leicester, June 6, 1806, by the Hon. and Rev. H. Ryder, A. M. Rector of Lutterworth.

"From this *learned* and *eloquent* discourse, which does honour to the remote successor of Wickliffe (rector of Lutterworth, where he died), we give the concluding paragraphs."—Oxford Review.

"We are particularly sorry that we *cannot compliment* the preacher on his polemic abilities, because he has *not* aimed at displaying *any other excellence;* and our regret is the more poignant, when we reflect that he fills the pulpit of Wickliffe."—Eclectic Review.

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8 Address to the Professors of Physic and Surgery in London and Westminster, proposing the Institution of a Society for investigating the Cause, &c. of Hydrophobia.

"Such a society as the author proposes to establish, would *certainly* be *useful*."—Antijacobin Review.

"*Certainly* the subject and the *proposition* are *worthy of attention*"—Monthly Review.

"Hydrophobia is of such rare occurrence, as to make the institution of a society for investigating its nature *nugatory*. The *mode proposed* seems *by no means calculated* to answer the desired purpose."—British Critic.

"This address seems more well-intentioned than *judicious*. The *reasons against* any such establishment are so *obvious*, that we think it needless to descend to particulars."—Critical Review.

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9. Travels in Scotland by an unusual Route. By the reverend James Hall, A. M.

"Though these Travels discover no great depth of reflection, yet there are few readers who will not find *abundance of amusement* in the perusal. Where the narrative might otherwise stagnate in dulness, Mr. Hall takes care to enliven it by variety of anecdote. Of anecdote indeed Mr. H. appears to possess a copious store, and though he may sometimes digress A LITTLE *too far* from the point before him for the sake of introducing a sample, yet we prosecute our journey with pleasure, and are *far from being offended* with the author for treating us with such a diversity of *agreeable* fare upon the way."—Critical Review.

"It is to be presumed that most travellers design to pick up something on their road; and it appears that Mr. Hall's principal object was, to pick up stories and jokes. New or old, funny or flat, decent or smutty, none that came in his way seem to have come amiss. Yet he had evidently no small stock of these on hand before he set out. Now, in compassion to the *miserable creatures* for whom his book is calculated, we could pardon him for publishing all the tales that he found along the roads which he travelled: but when, in addition to these, he recites so many which he carried thither, we really think there is *room to complain*. A great part of his collection has no more to do with the author or his journey, than with THE MOON, or *the man in it*.—*If* our reverend author had related *fewer* foolish and *fewer* incredible tales, we think some of the descriptions and observations *might have* entertained and instructed his readers."—Eclectic Review.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

According to our promise in the last number of the SATIRIST, we are about to examine the claims which a work called *the Cabinet* has upon public favour; and we are sorry that our system compels us to speak the truth, a greater censure we cannot bestow upon it.

This work, founded on the most *impartial* principles, was instituted by a gentleman of *very deep research* in the beginning of the present year, that it might be kept as a scourge *in terrorem* over the conduct of Mr. Kemble: The real truth being this:—The chief minister of this *cabinet* has a wife, by profession (*at present*) an actress; but the lady possessing no *great* qualifications for the stage, except her *figure* and *voice*, she could not persuade any of the London managers into giving her an engagement; driven however to the last extremity, the proprietor of the Haymarket was obliged to make shift with her, because he could not procure Mrs. Glover, and like the great lady in the little parlour, our heroine was suffered to strut and bellow away her summer evenings as first tragedy queen at the summer theatre.

Her husband being offended that the winter monarchs did not offer her engagements, *instituted* this book as a bully for his wife, to terrify Mr. Kemble; and actually gave up the office of theatrical reviewer to the *Monthly Mirror* (luckily for that excellent work), and commenced in February an *interesting* periodical publication of his own.

Now, really, the lady's not being engaged in town we think wrong; for as second to Miss Leserve at Covent Garden, or Miss Tidswell at Drury Lane, in case of their illness, she might be of some use to the theatre, but men in office think otherwise; and here we have a glorious champion for her before us: to support our assertions, see the Cabinet (No. VII.), where the editor, speaking of *Errors Excepted*, says—"The prologue by Mr. Charles Dibdin turned very neatly on the title of the play; the epilogue was delivered with admirable spirit and effect by Mrs. Litchfield."—If this is not liberality, what is?—No one performer even noticed but Mrs. Litchfield!

Then, when this pleasing delusion was over, and his better half was driven to a country theatre, his criticisms of the London houses were compressed, and the unhappy people who take in the Cabinet, or rather who are *taken in* by it, were treated with an account of the Worthing actors thrice as long as that of the London ones, while in the whole set perhaps there is not one much better than Mrs. Litchfield.

Here we are told that the master of a barn is a better actor than any one in town, and his judgment as sound and discriminating. After hearing whom he had engaged as his heroine, we hope we shall be excused if we differ in opinion here. Then comes a list of those parts performed by this great dame: the Country Girl, (*fine healthy young creature!*) Roxalana, (*terrible Turk!*) Mrs. Haller, (which we have seen;) Irish Widow, (which we have heard:) and Mrs. Sullen, (which, *thank heaven*, we have escaped.)

In the meantime observe the candour of the account which he presents us with of the opening of Covent Garden theatre.

(No. VII.) Covent Garden opened on the 14th with *Romeo and Juliet* and *the Poor Soldier*, and Drury Lane on the 17th with *the Country Girl* and *the Weathercock*: a full and *critical* account of the new performers, and other novelties, shall appear in our next; *unavoidable circumstances* having hitherto prevented us from *attending either of these houses!!*

A very pretty critic; nothing marks the greatness of his attention so completely as his openly proposing to REVIEW what he owns he had never seen.

In the next number (IX.) according to promise—after as usual thundering out some terrible abuse against Mr. Kemble, he says, "Mr. Holland was warmly greeted to the boards;" he might have said, deservedly, too; but how did he know? or how did he know that Mr. Putnam's "*exertions were respectable or highly applauded?*"—How does he know all this? from

hearsay; it must be so—" for *unavoidable circumstances prevented his seeing any of these first appearances*;" even Mrs. Whitlock he criticises; and although "he was absent from London," and never beheld her in Drury Lane, says her voice wants the requisite power for the theatre. Of this he judges from his wife—for if strength of lungs denote fine acting, all the stage must bow to the Stentorian bawl of Mrs. Litchfield.

According to promise also, see the *critical* account of the commencement of Covent Garden theatre, (No. IX.)

On Sept. 14.—*Romeo and Juliet*, and *Poor Soldier, Kathlane, Miss Meadows:*" laconic, stinging, discerning, and theatrical

At Drury Lane, his musical judgment is well displayed: speaking of Mrs. De Ponte, he says—'She is a pupil of Mr. Corri's, whose voice resembles Mrs. Kennedy's: she has played the part four times."

What a fund of science must be required to analyse a singer's merits thus! the relative pronoun however is so ambiguously inserted, that we are not able to discover whether he means to infer that Mrs. de Ponte, or Mr. Corri, is the person whose voice resembles the lady he mentions.

His account of Miss Bampfylde by inspiration is equally potent. But then, what does it signify; we are informed in the same number that Mrs. Litchfield has played Lady Townly at Worthing; why not Lady Grace? that she has looked the *innocent girl* in Cicely Homespun; that her figure in Rosalind was exquisitely displayed; and that her benefit was fully and fashionably attended

These, reader, are brought as proofs how little dependence is to be placed upon theatrical critiques, where, to answer some sinister purpose, or to puff some obnoxious branch of their own family, the writers will traduce merit, contemn talent, and exalt vulgarity.

It would be deviating from our purpose in this department to notice any other part of the Cabinet, except the theatrical, else might we observe, that on the score of originality in all its branches, it stands unrivalled; we might also state, in support of this assertion, that the ninth number is unique: a Portrait of Milton; a Life of sir Isaac Newton; an Account of the Comet (from the *Times* newspaper); a History of Ants (from the *Spectator*;) an Account of Shakspeare's Fluellin (from *Jones's Brecknockshire*); a paper called the Customs of the Theatre (stolen from *Malone's History of the Stage*); a published Ode of Moore's, and two or three scenes from Macbeth!! form the novelties of November. To criticise it too severely would be to make it of consequence, therefore let it die, and die it must, for there can be as little satisfaction to the husband to write, as there is to the wife to enact—as few people purchase his nonsense, or follow her vulgarity.

Of the illiberalities of the month, we must notice the chief, in the shape of some scurrilous paragraphs which have appeared in the newspapers, prejudicial to the character of Miss Duncan of Drury Lane, and for no other reason *did* they appear, than because, by an honourable exertion of superior talent, this young lady has been enabled to set up her carriage. That a woman's peace of mind should be blasted by the calumnies of men, who rail at what they envy, is, we hope, impossible; Miss Duncan must know her own consequence too well, to regard the falsehoods they invent; and in return for them, we hope the first day Miss Duncan's coachman happens to be disengaged, she will commission him to expend his diurnal allowance of whip-cord upon the backs and shoulders of those who could, to gratify paltry spite, frame such gross insinuations, and infamous aspersions.

Another personal allusion has been made in a paper called *the Sunday Review*; the theatrical critiques of which are written by an ale-house keeper in the purlieus of Covent Garden—a very fit conductor for the *public* taste: we shall merely notice his personality in this number; and in our next we shall take the trouble to analyse his curious observations on the stage; which are only faulty, as neither containing common truth, common English, nor common sense!

The personality we allude to, is in an observation on the conduct of a gentleman of the name of *Tw-ss*. This person is designated by the *Sunday Review*, as "*The pale-faced coxcomb in dirty linen.*" Never was so gross an illiberality published; personal defects are always to be avoided, and it is not because the face of *Mr. H-r-ce*

Tu-st is not so comely as many others, that he is to be publicly insulted. As to his linen, if the profits of the *Beau Monde* and *the Morning Chronicle* (for both which he writes) are not sufficient to afford him more than two clean shirts during the week, it is the height of cruelty in a *brother* critic to remind him of his indigent circumstances.

We trust we shall be found strictly to adhere to our plan of noticing the conduct of our contemporaries; we will pursue it: and, if we can, undeceive one person of the multitude each month, and display to them the system by which the performers are abused, we shall glory more in the reformation of the Annual Twelve, than the critics who combine to hunt down merit do in the destruction of as many authors and actors.

DRURY-LANE.

The first novelty we have to notice, is a comedy by Mr. H. Siddons, performed for the first time here under the title of *Time's-a-Tell-Tale.* The story runs thus:

An English sailor, having saved the life of a little girl in the West Indies, returns to Great Britain, with a determination not to marry, which he contrives to alter before the end of the piece, and takes to wife his *protegée*, whose father he discovers in the person of an old farmer, with a young son very much in love with the ward of a nobleman, who, like most other noblemen, is very much involved, and very like many other husbands, is afraid to tell his wife so: a romantic old lady, fancies she has made a conquest of a fashionable young baronet, who introduces a gentleman always asking questions of her, as a philosopher. The denouement sets all things to rights; and these incidents, with a song by Miss Duncan, and a dance by D'Egville's pupils, form the leading features of the plot.

Hence has Mr. Siddons formed a very pleasing comedy: the dialogue is in all parts elegant and correct; in many it rises to sublimity; its only fault is the abundance of sentiment which runs through it; very little comic effect is produced, except in a part called *Quere*, played by *Mathews*, the point of which is a *mania* for asking questions; it appears even to have been forced in for the sake of enlivening; and after hearing all his interrogatories, we felt inclined to have put one question ourselves—What business he had there?

Elliston's portrait of the sailor was manly, firm, and affecting; particularly in the scene at the conclusion of the fourth act, his impressive manner and narration were exquisitely affective.

Dowton gave the most beautiful expression to the speeches in his part, which is, in our opinion, exactly in his line. In the impassioned energetic old man, Mr. Dowton is inimitable; the sudden ebulitions of his grief, and the warmth of his joy, are fine specimens of chaste and correct acting.

Mrs H. Siddons, delineated the *timid Girl* with great effect; and considering the anxiety she must have felt, during the first performance of her husband's play, her exertions were wonderful; that they were crowned with complete success, we need hardly add.

The Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Elliston, was from the pen of Mr. Lamb, who produced what he meant for a farce last season, under the title of *Mr. H——*. His epilogue shared the same fate as his piece; it was performed but once. On the second night a *second* epilogue appeared, which, though not less paltry, was not quite so offensive as the first.

In the second act, a ballet was introduced, which we could have wished omitted. Mr. D'Egville's pupils are sweet performers, and pretty girls, but it would be as absurd to introduce *Elliston* into every *divertisement*, because he is a good comedian, as it is to intrude these young ladies into every piece, because they are good dancers, and happen to be engaged? The song is much in the same predicament, except that it has *no* merit to apologise for its performance, if we take away Miss Duncan, who sung with effect.

The play has since been frequently repeated; and we hope that, encouraged by the success of his first comedy, Mr. Siddons will give the world a second.

The next novelty at this theatre, is a melo-drama, as it is termed, under the title of *Ella Rosenberg*, in two acts, from the pen of Mr. Kenney.

This style of piece is new to the English stage, or at least it has lately been introduced: to say it is an absolute novelty, would be incorrect; for

in consequence of the success Holcroft's translation, *The Tale of Mystery*, met with, all the *would-be authors* of the day have been writing *melo dramas* only, because they had not imagination to invent pieces with regular plots. We have had the *Wood Demon*, *Tekeli*, and many others of the same stamp, till the town is tired, and the music, with which the dialogues are interspersed, no longer amuses; it is now considered, and justly too, an impertinent interruption to the interest of the stage.

Of this sort of entertainment, *Ella Rosenberg* is one of the best examples: replete with interest, bustle, and action. Mr. Kenny has contrived to keep up the attention to the last scene. The dialogue appears to have been with him a matter of secondary import, and his attempts at comicality in Mathews's part are beneath criticism. The story will hardly bear repeating; its great merit is the ingenuity with which the piece, in all its parts, unites.

Of the acting, too much cannot be said: Mrs. H. Siddons in *Ella* surpassed all her former excellence; she is at all times a pleasing actress, here she shewed herself a great one.

Bannister gave all the force he could to a sentimental old soldier, and *Mathews* did as much for *Flutterman* as it deserved. Elliston depicted the wretched Rosenberg with great ability; the part is a very trifling one.

The music, with the exception of a borrowed jig in the overture, is tame, common-place, dull, and tiresome. It is by a *Mr. M. P. King*; and we must own we think whatever obligations the author might feel for his exertions in composing it, his debt would be considerably increased, if he could be prevailed on to omit it altogether.

Mr. Elliston, in the course of the present month, absented himself from the theatre, and played at Bath, on the evening when he was advertised for the part of Sir Charles Racket in town. The audience were kept waiting some time, as he had given no notice of his intention, and Mr. Holland was his substitute.

Mr. Barrymore, having taken umbrage at being fined, has discharged himself from the house, and has joined a country company. The disinterestedness of this heroic act we admire: he has *obliged* the whole town at *his own expence*.

The novelties talked of are, a comedy by Mr. Lee, a gentleman of great theatrical knowledge; an opera by a Jewish gentleman of the name of Brandon; a farce composed by Mr. Reeve; and a musical drama by Mr. Hook.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The first new piece which appeared here this season was a farce, as report says, written by Mr. Munden, Mrs. Munden, or one of the Miss Mundens; but from the style of it, we discredit these suppositions, and rather attribute it to the invention of little *Master Munden*.

The plot would lay in a nut-shell, the whole being contrived only to shew off the character of Sir Mathew Middle, a *middle-aged* Marplot, which Munden acted inimitably. The scene between him and Mrs Mattocks, in which the equivoque of the marriage is carried on, was a chef-d'œuvre of comic performance; and had the second act been even tolerable, would have preserved the piece from condemnation. It proved however *intolerable*, and the farce of "Too Friendly by Half" perished.

The next production was—what?—Better?—What is to be said—?—Worse!—No, it *could not be* worse!—Well then, as bad!— Yes—thereabouts!

It has of late been so much the fashion to decry *Dibdin* and his pieces, that we hoped to have been able to espouse his cause; but where the case will damn, what can the counsel do? The opera of "*Two Faces under a Hood*" has but one merit: in it the author has contrived to say *more* about *nothing* than any gentlemen we ever met with; for here is scene following scene in which there is neither purpose nor design—dialogues without wit, and stratagems without use, and yet the piece lasted till *past ten o'clock!* What an ingenious set of people then must those be who contrive to be in perpetual business for three hours and a half—*doing nothing*.

The main incident from which it receives its name, arises from a lady of the name of *Claudine* choosing to wear a veil and spangled gown in one part of the house, and a gipsey hat in another: this is the PLOT; one of the enliveners, is Sterne's Fragment of the Sword, where Bellamy, enacting the marquis, sings a *silent sentiment*, which

the great author of the story could not find words to express.

Having growled out his feelings, two of his servants bring in a *little box of money*, which being put upon a cushion, he pulls off his hat to it, and making it a low bow, observes, that by those riches he recovered his nobility, and he ought to respect them. Really this is the most refined piece of politeness we ever saw represented on the stage; it does equal honour to the *heart* of the grandee and the *head* of the author.

As to the rest of the piece it was so completely confused, that it is impossible to know exactly what it meant; we however discovered, by means of the play-bills, that it was a *comic* opera. All parties were reconciled at the conclusion; in this joy the audience as well as the actors partook, for *before* the curtain, as well as *behind* it, every body was *made happy* when *it was over*.

Fawcet had a part which was intended to be comic; so had Liston: but they were failures; for poor Dibdin being, by the renovating taste of the town, obliged to abandon puns, has no resource but in the actor; and though *Martinique* and *Hector*, in the excellent hands they were placed, sometimes produced a laugh, had even two *commonly* good actors represented them, no smile would have been excited but that of contempt.

As a proof of this, a part much on a par with either of the above was enacted by Mr. Jones; here not only was a failure, but a cause for disapprobation, for there was a great deal of very bad dialogue, and a wretched song, which, in justice to the author, we must observe was not worse written than it was acted and sung.

Mrs. Charles Kemble, a host of talent in herself, was doomed to walk about as a foil to Mrs. Dickons, who, to do her justice, determined not to be outdone; she appeared to be acting for a *wager against time*, and seemed, though she *set off at score*, to *come in quite fresh*. She played in right earnest, and as far as regarded *comic* effect, her exertions were by no means to be *laughed at*; however, if she did burlesque the dialogue, her performance of the songs made ample amends. Her air about "*Heigh ho*" was beautifully sung. We must not forget to notice the successful exertions of the unassuming Miss Bolton; we never heard her give her vocal parts better. But poor Mrs. Liston—what a wretched character had *she* assigned to her: she appeared in the first scene, and in the last but two she sung two dismal ditties with an organ accompaniment, so very dull, and so much alike, that we imagined the composer, fearing to fatigue her with *too much* business, had allowed her to sing two verses of her song in one act, and the remaining two in another.

The music is by *Shield*—in its effect we were disappointed; we thought that the compiler of *Rosina* would have been more happy in his selections, but with the exception of the opening glee, and two or three of the women's airs, it is all flat and uninteresting. Incledon's songs were not noticed, and Taylor, though he sang his best, did not get a hand. Had there been half the number of pieces of music, and that half good, this curious opera might have lingered out a little; but when the *ballads* become heavy enough to break the *string* on which they hang, *string, ballads and all*, will come to the ground. Its run was stopped after the third night.

The *Winter's Tale* has been revived, and affords to the lovers of fine acting some delicious specimens in the parts assigned to *Kemble* and *Mrs. Siddons*. Why Miss Norton dresses Perdita as she does we cannot imagine; why she plays it astonishes us nearly as much; her forte is comedy.

A Mr. Oxberry appeared in Fortune's Frolicks as Robin Roughhead. If Emery, Fawcet, Mathews, Liston, De Camp, and a few more were to be carried off by any epidemical disorder, Mr. Oxberry might be suffered to supply one of their places; but while even the weakest of all the above list is ten times better than Mr. Oxberry, he may spare himself the trouble of *dressing* for the part any more.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

LONDON.

A few days ago, a man in respectable business, in Rotherhithe, as a lime merchant, left his house for the purpose of paying a bill, which he had promised to discharge on that day. The distance was a walk of some hours, and he had not half completed it, when he discovered that he had not money enough to accomplish his object. He accordingly returned home, with an accelerated pace, and on passing his house, passed directly to his bed-chamber, which was the depository of his cash, but found the door locked. He immediately applied to his wife, a fine buxom young woman, for the key, but the key was not to be found, and how the door came to be locked, she could not form any conjecture. Her husband could not be more surprised than herself at this strange occurrence. His patience being exhausted, he burst in the door; and lo! behind it stood a very particular friend, and not a very distant neighbour, a somewhat younger and handsomer man than himself. A glance of the husband's eye informed him for what the unwelcome visitor was locked up in his wife's chamber. Assuming, however, more moderation and temper than usually fall, under similar circumstances, to the lot of a husband, who had not, until that moment, the slightest suspicion of the chastity of his wife, he mildly said to the intruder. "Go out, sir," to which the lover, with a bow, not less mildly, answered, "Yes, sir," and in so saying, very deliberately walked down stairs. The wife was then ordered to pack up her all, and was sent home to her friends, to bewail her melancholy fate. Thus ended, without bloodshed or battery, this curious rencontre. The ladies of Rotherhithe are quite indignant at the stupidity of the lover, in suffering himself to be thus caught like a bird that should stop to have salt thrown upon its tail. The bed-room was upon a low first floor, with windows in front and rear; which, with the time consumed in searching for the key, afforded him a fair chance of making his escape, unperceived by the husband, without breaking his neck. The unfortunate woman also gave her lover credit for more enterprise than he possessed; for, at the time the door was burst open, she thought the coast was clear.

A gentleman, desirous of exhibiting his skill in the science of the whip, lately ascended the box of his own landaulet, drawn by a pair of capital horses, and driving furiously down Fleet-street, came in contact with a mud-cart, which was stationary, and nearly full. The concussion was so great as to precipitate himself completely into the filth collected therein, from which he emerged sufficiently soused, by the assistance of the scavengers, to the no small diversion of the surrounding throng.

Married.] Mr. Hughes, of the house of Lackington, Allen & Co. booksellers, to Miss Bish, daughter of Mr. Bish, of Cornhill.

At her lady-ship's house, in Grafton Street, Piccadilly, Wm. Homes, esq. to Lady Strange.

At Busby Park, Ponsonby Shaw, esq. brother of Robert Shaw, esq. M. P. for Dublin, to Miss Alico Eade, fifth daughter of Jonathan E., esq. of Stoke Newington.

Lord Monson, to lady Sarah Saville, daughter of the earl of Mexborough.

T. C. Bevey, esq. son of sir T. Crawley Bevey, bart. of Flaxley Abbey, Gloucestershire, to Miss A. Page, daughter of sir T H. Page, of the engineers.

John Tatham, esq. of Craven-street, to Miss Jones, daughter of William Jones, esq. of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square.

Richard Birt, esq. of South Wamborough, Hants, to Miss Ewart, daughter of the late Joseph E. formerly minister plenipotentiary at the court of Berlin.

At Lambeth, Tho. Cory Hawket, esq. of Oakhampton, Devon, to Miss Eliz. Sophia Hay, of Durham Place, Lambeth.

At Kensington, Edward Harrold, esq. of Cheshunt, Herts, to Miss Baillie of Brompton.

Thomas Harrison Macleod, esq. of Bread-street, to Miss Buchannan, daughter of the late P. Buchannan, esq. of Gower-street.

Chas. Tyler, a captain in the royal regiment of artillery, to Miss Letitia Sarah Crickitt, only daughter of John Crickitt the younger, of Doctors' Commons, esq.

William Hamill, esq. to Miss Roberts, only daughter of D. Roberts, esq.

At Islington, John Cowie, jun. esq. of Finsbury-square, to Miss Stooll, daughter of Thomas S. esq. of Highbury Place.

P. Malim, esq. of Upper Thames-street, to Miss Mary Anne Smith, youngest daughter of Haskett Smith, esq. of America-square.

Captain L. W. Dampier, of the 40th regiment, to Miss Street, of Brunswick-square.

A. G. Davison, esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street, to Mis Devonish, of Great James-street, Bedford Row.

At St. Martin's Church, on Saturday, December 21, Mr. Wm. Hughes, merchant, of Golden-square, to Madame Gras, commonly called *Parisot*, of the King's Theatre, Haymarket.

Died.] In Stamford-street, Blackfriars Road, Mrs. Chandler, wife of George Chandler, esq.

In Gloucester-street, Mrs. Taylor, relict of Godfrey T., esq. of Noan, county of Tipperary.

In York-street, Covent Garden, Mr. Sotheby, bookseller.

Mr. Fenwick, who had been many years keeper of Tothill-fields Bridewell, one of the most upright humane men that ever filled a situation of that kind.

In Rutland Court, Charter-house-square, aged 79, the rev. Matthew Raine, vicar of St. John's, Stanwick, and rector of Kirby Wiske, in the county of York.

In St. James's-square, Nathaniel Middleton, esq. of Townhill, Hants:

In Hanover-square, Mrs. Pechel. This lady was so great a favourite with her majesty, that during her illness, the most constant and anxious enquiries about the state of her health were made from the queen's house.

In York-buildings. Mary-le-bonne, Samuel Castell, esq. of Lombard-street, in the 71st year of his age.

At Hackney, John Eveleigh, esq. father of brigadier-general E. of the royal engineers, aged 94.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, William Mauduit, esq.

In Queen-square, Westminster, Mrs. Frances Reynolds, sister to the late sir Joshua R.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Martha Dicey, relict of the rev. Edward D.

At his house in South Audley-street, the most reverend Dr. Wm. Markham, archbishop of York, primate of England, and lord high almoner to the king. This venerable ornament of the church was born in Ireland, in the year 1718. He was the son of an officer, at that time with his regiment in Ireland, and who was of a Nottinghamshire family: he sent this his eldest son to Westminster School for education From Westminster he removed to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1742, and that of master, in 1745. At school and at college, he was distinguished by the elegance of his exercises, and particularly of his Latin verses. About the year 1750, Dr. Markham was appointed first master of Westminster School: and he continued to discharge, with great reputation, the laborious duties of that useful and honourable employment until January 1764. During his being master of this school we can truly assert, that none who preceded him was more truly beloved, or held in greater respect by the youth of that highly-esteemed seminary of learning: indeed we have heard great numbers of those who were under his care, and who are now in the first situations in the country, mention Dr. Markham with the utmost regard and veneration. An able first master of Westminster is too prominent a person to be overlooked by those who have the disposal of preferment. We find accordingly that in 1759, Dr. Markham was promoted to the second stall in Durham cathedral, while he held the mastership, and in 1765, to the deanery of Rochester, after he had resigned it. Both promotions were most probably owing to patrons, to whom he had been recommended by his public services. In 1767, he vacated the deanery of Rochester, and was created dean of Christ Church. The deanery of Christ Church is a dignity of very great importance and responsibility, involving the care both of a college and a cathedral. In 1769, he was chosen to preach the *Concio ad Clerum* to the synod of the province of

Canterbury. On this occasion he demonstrated, with great force of argument and elegance of language, that whatever is vain and fanciful, has always been contrary to true religion; while it never opposed that learning which is conformable to reason and nature. He bestowed a just encomium on the character of Newton, and his views in philosophy; and at the same time lashed (with deserved severity,) the metaphysicians of the French school, who were then attempting to carry their designs into execution, by darkening and perplexing the human understanding, and bringing into contempt whatever had been esteemed sacred in religion, science, or government. The *Concio* was published, together with a Latin speech made on presenting Dr. Thomas as prolocutor to the higher house of convocation. In January 1771, Dr Markham was consecrated bishop of Chester, and in the succeeding month was, in the first establishment for the education to the Prince of Wales, chosen preceptor to his royal highness Dr. Cyril Jackson, the present dean of Christ Church, was at the same time appointed subpreceptor. In June 1776, a new establishment was formed, when Dr. Markham was succeeded by Dr Hurd, the present bishop of Worcester, and Dr. Jackson by Mr. Arnold, tutor of St John's College, Cambridge. Why Dr. Markham and Dr. Jackson did not complete the education of the Prince of Wales, is not generally known; their successors had been celebrated tutors at Cambridge, and they had been distinguished at Oxford. It seems, therefore, that it was intended to afford his royal highness the united advantages that might be expected from those who excelled in the different pursuits of the two universities. This at least is known, that Dr. Markham, in the discharge of his duty, gave great satisfaction to the king, who personally superintended the education of his son, and that he has always retained a very enviable portion of the royal favour. The following anecdote may be mentioned in proof: Mr. Pitt promised to a friend the deanery of York, when it should become vacant by the death of Dr. Fountayne; but he was obliged to revoke the promise, having found that the king, in consequence of an application from Dr. Markham, intended it for his second son, the rev. George Markham, who now enjoys it. On January 20, 1777, Dr. Markham was translated to the archbishopric of York. His life, as it can be viewed by a distant observer, appears to have been an uninterrupted series of uncommon felicity. Distinguished at a great school and an eminent college, over both of which he was afterwards called to preside, and over the former at a very early period of life; advancing in preferments and reputation until he was promoted to a bishopric, and selected for an employment, with the due execution of which the future happiness of his country was intimately connected; afterwards rewarded by the second dignity of the English church, which he held nearly thirty-one years; the father of a numerous and prosperous family, and continued till within a year or two of his death, in an extreme but vigorous old age, able to feel all the happiness of his situation; what has he not enjoyed of those things which are supposed to constitute the splendid or the solid satisfaction of life? These satisfactions he did enjoy, and he enjoyed them worthily. In his person, the archbishop of York was tall and graceful; in his manners and address, extremely dignified; and in his conversation, instructive, entertaining, and lively; our best encomiums, however, must fail in delineating his character; yet, it is but justice to his memory to assert, that he passed an honourable life, in the service of his king, his country, and the church, with the additional lustre of every social and private virtue; and closed the scene, with a death, worthy that high and sacred office which he had so long and deservedly filled.

In Rathbone Place, in the 80th year of his age, James Brooke, esq. This gentleman was well known to the chief wits of his time, and was particularly intimate with Johnson, Garrick, Churchill, Wilkes, Lloyd, Murphy, &c. &c. as well as with most of the *Bon-Vivants* of his early days, though his own habits were always very temperate. He possessed considerable literary talents, which were chiefly exercised in numberless political pamphlets, prologues, epilogues, songs, &c. It is to be regretted that he did not collect these poetical effusions, as they were characterised by spirit and humour. This

gentleman conducted *The North Briton*, after it was relinquished by Wilkes, till the final termination of that once popular work. He was thoroughly acquainted with mankind, and abounded in anecdotes, which he related in a very easy, lively, and entertaining manner. A daughter of this gentleman, a most amiable and accomplished lady, who died in the prime of life, was married to the late Philip Champion Crespigny, esq. king's proctor, and formerly member for Sudbury and Aldborough. Mr. Brooke retained his faculties, as well as his vivacity and humour, almost to the close of life, and died after a short illness.

In Queen Anne-street, R. Hussey, esq. only brother to the late Earl Beaulieu. By the death of this gentleman, an estate in Ireland, of 14,000*l.* per annum, devolves on Lord Sydney Godolphin, a minor, brother to the Duke of Leeds; this valuable estate was contested in Chancery for many years by the late Mr. Hussey. The mansion-house in Dover-street, and the rich and valuable gold and silver services of plate, Lord Sydney was suffered to possess without any legal investigation.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] The Rev. N. Gilbert, rector of Bledlow, to which living he succeeded on the death of Dr. Davie, master of Baliol college in 1798. He was a native of Antigua, and related to some of the first families in this kingdom. Some years since he went out chaplain to the British settlement at Sierra Leone, and on his return to this country was presented by Mr. Whitbread to the vicarage of Bledlow.

At Brickhill, on his way from Liverpool, where he had lately arrived from America Mr Robert Murray, merchant, of New York, fifth son of the late Dr. John Murray, of Norwich. He had been absent more than sixteen years, and revisited this country, in the hope of alleviating the symptoms of a pulmonary complaint. To native worth, and great mercantile abilities, he united principles of the strictest integrity.

CAMBRIDGE.

Died.] At Ely, Mr. George Apsey, youngest son of Wm. Apsey, esq. At the age of 14 this young man weighed upwards of 15 stone, and at the time of his death, being in his 20th year, upwards of 22 stone. Though of such extraordinary size, and of a gross habit, he enjoyed very good health till within a very few hours of his death, which was occasioned by a mortification, the consequence of the fall of a piece of timber against him a few weeks since, and of which he took no notice till surgical assistance could no longer be of any avail. Had he lived, it is not improbable that he might have equalled, if not surpassed the celebrated Lambert in bulk.

CORNWALL.

A gentleman having some time since occasion to visit the town of *Hayle*, in this county, hired a *horse* and *gig* of a man more distinguished for his honest simplicity than his literary attainments; but what was the gentleman's astonishment a few days after, to receive a bill in which he was made debtor as follows:

"To a *hearse* and *jig* to *bell* £.0 12 0

Married.] At St. Hilary, James Borlase, esq. solicitor of Cumborne, to Miss Moyle, daughter of Richard Moyle, esq. surgeon of Marazion.

Died.] At Lestwithiel, Mr. William Cuttly.

At Launceston, Mrs. Cowlard, wife of the rev. William Cowlard.

DERBYSHIRE.

Died.] At Quarndon, Miss Mary Buchanan, daughter of the late Chas. Buchanan, esq. of Burton on Trent, aged 35.

At Stanton by Dale, William Walters, gent. in his 84th year.

At Derby, Mrs. Hope, relict of the rev. Mr. Hope, aged 62.

At Caldon, Sampson Wheildon, esq. aged 90.

At Chesterfield, M. Meant, a French prisoner of war, who had recently arrived there on his parole, with M. Rochemont, a colonel in the French army, and a member of the legion of honour. They at first took up their abode at the Falcon inn, where they remained during three days, when having procured lodgings, they returned to the inn to discharge their bill, when the colonel discovered his strong box to have been opened by a false key, and property, to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds, stolen. In a strange country, without either friends or money, and a prisoner, his situation may be easily conceived: his only resource in this distressing dilemma was an application to his fellow traveller (who also possessed considerable property) from whom he obtained the loan of two hundred

pounds. Application being made to the commissary for French prisoners, a statement of the affair was transmitted to the transport board, and an immediate search was set on foot for the detection and recovery of the property. The colonel having been delayed on his journey from the coast, by indisposition, at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, the agent employed in this affair naturally supposed the property must have been purloined during his confinement at the inn where the colonel and his friend had been detained. The servants having been examined, and proved innocent of the charge, it was suspected from the evidence of the chambermaid, and many circumstances which she related, that the colonel's supposed friend had committed the robbery. A search was then made in a private place belonging to the house, and a handkerchief, containing a pocket-book, with French paper-money inclosed to the amount of 900l. and a variety of other articles, were found. The agents, accompanied by the landlord of the inn, then proceeded to Chesterfield, with the magistrate, commissary, and constables, and lost no time in waiting on the suspected person, who, as soon as he recognized the landlord of the inn, betrayed evident marks of guilt, by an immediate exclamation of "You have business with me, I suppose!" The colonel being sent for, and having described the pocket-book and its contents, it was produced, and found to answer his description. During the examination, in which the prisoner made a full confession of his guilt, and informed the colonel where the rest of his property was to be found, he was observed to take a bottle from the mantle-piece, and repeatedly drink of the liquid it contained, which was by the gentlemen present supposed to be tincture of lavender, or some cordial, but which proved to be poison. Fearful of this failing in its effect, the wretched man, driven to desperation, attempted to seize a case knife within his reach, but was prevented. In a short time the poison beginning to affect him, medical assistance was immediately procured; but every attempt to make him swallow, or pass any thing down his throat, was found impossible, from his obstinacy and surprising strength. Between the paroxysms of remorse and pain, he appeared calm and collected, and requested pen, ink, and paper, for the purpose of making his will, which he actually completed, and having obtained forgiveness of the colonel, whose sorrow on this melancholy occasion did honour to his feelings, and recommended his wife and children to his protection, should he return to his native country, he suddenly seized a knife which lay unobserved on the mantle-piece, and plunged it several inches in his left breast. The unfortunate man suffered the greatest agony for several hours, and then expired. A coroner's inquest was held on his body, and the jury returned a verdict of *self-murder*. The deceased, was immediately placed in a shell and burried on a waste piece of ground near the town. The deceased was an athletic, handsome man, and it is said that he has left a wife and six children. He was taken by a privateer on his return from abroad, where it was understood he had acquired considerable property.

LANCASHIRE.

The spirit of hoaxing, which has lately been so prevalent in the metropolis, has found its way to Liverpool. A few days since bills were stuck up in different parts of the town, announcing that the model of a 98 gun ship, on lord Stanhope's new plan, and magnificently decorated, would reach Chisenhale-street bridge, from Wigan, at one o'clock that day. To give additional interest to the scene, it was stated that a band of choice vocal performers, stationed on the deck, would sing, "Rule Britannia," in which that celebrated performer, Madame Catalini, was to assist; and the *coup d'œil* was to be heightened by Mr. Polito's Hippopotamus, or River Horse, preceding the man of war, in an elegant barge.—As might be expected, great numbers hastened to the spot, at the appointed hour, to witness the arrival of this grand novel marine spectacle, and to be charmed, at so low a rate, with the melodious strains of Catalini. For several miles the banks and bridges of the canal were covered with the credulous multitude; and, as the day was fine, many remained in anxious expectation, till, by the arrival of the daily packet from Wigan, they were convinced that no such vessel as they expected, had ever been heard of at that place.

Married.] At Liverpool, Mr. Ed-

ward Lloyd of Warrington, to Miss Fisher, daughter of the late Ralph Fisher, esq.

Mr. Tho. Croft, printer of the Preston Journal, to Miss Hannah Stockdale, daughter of the rev. William Stockdale of Samlesbury.

At Preston, the rev. Thomas Moss of Liverpool, to Mis Mary Shuttleworth.

Lately at Oldham, Mr. Joseph Jackson, of Lower Moor, near that place, aged 73, to Mrs. Patience Bardsley, of Greenacres Moor, also near Oldham, aged 64, being her fifth marriage. Three husbands had already lost their patience and "filed off," when a fourth, Mr. Bardsley, of Greenacres Moor, took her, whose union we noticed some time ago. He bore the "whips and scorns of time," till tired out of patience, he left her to Mr. Joseph Jackson, who, we hope, will wait with patience to her end, and resign her patiently to the dust; for should our heroine take a sixth husband, what woman could endure with patience such monopoly!

Died.] At Liverpool, Arthur Onslow, esq., collector of the customs of that port, aged 80. Bred in the service of the revenue: his active and intelligent mind had acquired the most perfect knowledge of all its various interests. His merit alone raised him to the office he held, the arduous duties of which he discharged with an ability, and an integrity, to be equalled by a few, and surpassed by none. —On his way to Ireland, major Grey, late of the 2d, or Queen's own regt. of foot, in his 79th year.—Mr. Wm. Moore, third son of the late captain Danl. Moor, of Whitehaven, aged 28.

At Huntroyd, in his 38th year, Le Gendre Pierce Starke, esq., who last year served the office of high Sheriff, for this county.

At Padiham, Miss Fishwick, daughter of the late rev. James Fishwick, aged 58.

Lincolnshire.

The following is an extract from an advertisement in the Stamford paper, dated Stamford, Nov. 17, 1807:—

"The officer who has had the honour of commanding the 6th dragoon guards, quartered in this town upwards of three weeks, highly sensible of the favours conferred upon him and his family by many of the inhabitants, in so long supposing him a single man, takes this method (as the only one he may probably have) of informing them of their mistake; but not with an idea of occasioning trouble, but to prevent it; assuring them that he never can be more happy than with his own family and friends; and soliciting neither call nor explanation.

Northumberland and Durham.

Married.] At Tynemouth, William Robinson, esq. of the Inner Temple, London, to Miss Isabella Liddell, daughter of the late John Liddell, esq.

At Bamburgh, Lieut. Hall of the Royal Navy, to Miss Noble of Belford.

At Newcastle, Mr. R. B. Dodd, civil engineer of London, to Miss Bulmar, daughter of Mr. Joseph Bulmar, architect.

At Bishopwearmouth, Wm. Williamson, esq. of Grinsley, Nottinghamshire, to Miss Sanderson, eldest daughter of Thomas Sanderson, esq.

Died.] At Berwick aged 86, captain John Mc'Donald, late of the Invalids, formerly for many years commandant of the garrison of Berwick. He spent a long life in the service of his country, having carried a pair of colours at the siege of Quebec, under general Wolfe, and he was afterwards actively employed throughout the whole of the American war. He married late in life, but has left a numerous family, and lived to see four of his sons attain the rank of captain in the army.

At Wooler, the rev. Jas. Kennedy, 30 years minister of that place, aged 60.

At Brumpton, Mr. Robert Carruthers, many years master of the workhouse in that town.

At Newcastle, the rev. Wm. Warrilow, much esteemed for his urbanity of manners and erudition, aged 69. Thomas Frank, esq., major of the North Shields and Tynemouth volunteers.

At Sunderland, Mrs. Ridley, many years keeper of the assembly room of that place.

At Durham, Miss Mary Johnson Spencer, aged 23.

At Willington, Henry Milly, esq. the oldest magistrate for the county of Durham, in his 69th year.

At Blyth, Mr. John Milburn, many years agent to sir Matthew White Ridley, bart, aged 56.

At Fallowden, near Alnwick, in the

79th year of his age, the right hon. Charles Earl Grey, K. B. colonel of the third regiment of dragoons, and governor of the Island of Guernsey. His lordship served at the battle of Minden, and was the only surviving officer who served under general Wolfe at Quebec, to whom he was Aid-du-Camp. In 1782, he was made a knight of the Bath, on his appointment as commander in chief in America; but in consequence of peace being concluded, he did not proceed thither. He served also at the relief of Ostend and Nieuport, in 1793; and went, soon after, to the West Indies, as commander in chief, with the earl of St. Vincent, which was followed by the reduction of Martinique, St. Lucie, and Guadaloupe. In 1802, he was created baron Grey; and on the 1st of April, 1806, his lordship was created earl Grey. His lordship has left four sons, viz. Charles, viscount Howick; Henry, lieutenant-general, and commander in chief at the Cape of Good Hope; George, commissioner of the navy at Portsmouth, and Edward, a clergyman, near Reading. Also two daughters, viz. lady Elizabeth Whitbread and lady Hannah Bettersworth. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by viscount Howick, now earl Grey.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.

Married] At Kepp, W. Breconridge, esq. of Mayfield, to Miss Crosbie.

At Carlisle, captain Bulman, late of the ship Thedoria, to Mrs. Lowry, widow of Mr. John Lowry.

At Appelby, Mr. W. H. Reynell, surveyor of taxes in Kendal, to Miss E. Thwaites.

At Ravensworth, Mr. John Sewell, of Thames-street, London, to Miss Gibson, daughter of George Gibson, esq.

At Bolton, Mr. Isaac Thompson, to Miss Jane Manson, daughter of captain Manson.

Died.] At Whitehaven, captain Edward Parkin of Workington, aged 59.—Miss Thompson, daughter of captain William Thompson.

At Carlisle, Mrs. Cambell, aged 92, she was attended to the grave by above thirty of her lineal descendants.—Mr. Thos. Johnston, he was suddenly taken ill on his road to this city, in the London Mail, and expired a few minutes after he entered his own house.

At Tirney Green Windermere, Mrs. Ann Zuill, sister to the late John Quill, esq. of Liverpool, in her 73d year.

At Wigton, Mr. Thos. Hudson, formerly a bookseller at that town.

At Keswick, Mrs. Mary Grave, aged 84.

NORFOLK.

Married.] At Swaffham, lieutenant Thornton, of the Middlesex militia, to Miss Whitby.

The rev. Castres Mott Donne, rector of Burningham, and vicar of Hempnall, to Frances, third daughter of the rev. H. C Manning, of Thetford.

The rev. Charles Mann, of Denver, to Miss Susan Mc Dougall, youngest daughter of rear-admiral Mc Dougall, of Corton.

Died.] At Yarmouth, Mrs. Larke, wife of lieut. Larke, governor of the naval hospital at that place.

At Lynn, Mrs. Brindley, wife of Mr. Brindley, ship-builder, aged 37.

At Norwich, aged 52, the rev. John Walker, one of the minor canons of the cathedral. He was perpetual curate of St. Peter per Mountergate, and of St. John, Timberhill, in this city, vicar of Stoke Holy Cross, in Norfolk, and vicar of Bawdsey, in Suffolk. The three first are in the gift of the dean and chapter, the last in the gift of the crown. He was formerly fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; was an excellent scholar, possessed a brilliant imagination, and a refined taste. He had many years been a martyr to the gout, which had obliged him latterly to retire from the world which had long been charmed by his eloquence, and benefitted by his discourses; for of this once popular preacher it might almost be said, that

"Truths divine came mended from his tongue."

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] J. C. Field, esq. of Adderbury, to Miss Charlotte Ford, daughter of the late captain Thomas Ford, of Calcutta, in the East Indies.

At Tringford, near Bicester, Mr. John Scrivener, of Stretton Audley, to Miss Slatter, eldest daughter of Mr. Slatter, of Tidmington.

Died.] At his seat, at Waterstock, in his 83d year, Sir William Henry Ashhurst, late one of his Majesty's justices

of the Court of King's Bench. He particularly distinguished himself in the memorable æra of the French revolution, by eloquently evincing the fallacy of the principles which produced that event, compared with the solidity and impartiality of the English laws.

At Oxford, Mr. Thomas Whiting, many years cook at Baliol College.

Mr. Richard Davis, printer. He had been for some time in a declining state, and was found dead in his bed, though he had been in his business the preceding afternoon.

SHROPSHIRE.

A short time since, as some ladies were one evening passing a bye-lane leading to Tilly Down, in the parish of Appleshaw, they were exceedingly alarmed by an apparent ghost walking before them in solemn state. A butcher's wife and boy passed the same lane in a cart, when it made its appearance to them, sometimes walking before them, at other times crossing the road. The butcher's wife, being pregnant, was so much affrighted, that her life was in danger. An alarm being given, some persons resolved to pursue it. The pretended ghost took to his heels, and being likely to be overtaken, fell across the road, and fetched a deep groan. On examination, he proved to be a gentleman's servant lately discharged, dressed in a lady's old fashioned long white cloak and cap; the parties, therefore, have entered into a resolution to prosecute this pretended ghost to the utmost rigour of the law.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, Joseph Carless, esq. banker, to Miss Rowlands, of the Abbey Foregate.—Mr. E. Botevyle, engraver to Miss Jones.

At Diddlebury, Mr. Fewtrell, of Holdgate, Hull, to Miss Ann Pearce, of Field Hall.

At Muxton, Mr. Richard Owen, of Nantwich, to Miss Latham, youngest niece to John Latham, esq. of Woore.

Died.] At Withington, the rev Corbet Browne, who had been 56 years rector of Upton and Withington, aged 80.

At Ludlow, Mrs. Crowther, late of Tything, near Hereford, and relict of Bryan Crowther, esq. formerly of Street Court, in the same county.

At Bridgnorth, the rev. Mr. Davies, dissenting minister.

At Shrewsbury, Mrs. E. Lloyd, in her 82d year.

At Ellesmere, Mrs. Leigh, wife of Mr. Richard Leigh.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Stoke upon Trent, Mr. John Proctor, aged 29, to Mrs. Hatton, aged 71. The bride was in very high spirits on the occasion.

At Litchfield, Major Burrowes, of Stradone, Cavan, Ireland, to Miss Seward.—A. Blandy, esq. of Kingstone House, Berks, to Miss S. Mott, youngest daughter of William Mott, esq. of the Close, Litchfield.

At Wolverhampton, J. Pounteney, esq. to Miss Faulkner, of Tettenhall.

Died.] At Walsall, Mr. John Holbins.

At Penteridge, Miss Anne Devie.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Farnham St. Martin, the rev. Henry Hasled, preacher of St. Mary's, Bury, and rector of Ickworth, to Miss Ord, only daughter of the rev. Dr. Ord.

Mr W. Syrett, of Finningham, to Miss Moon, daughter of the rev. Mr. Moon, rector of Thwaite and Bedingham.

Died.] At Ipswich, Sarah Lyons, aged 105.—Mr. E. Hayward, one of the common council, in his 65th year.

At Long Melford, Mrs. Chevallier, relict of the rev. Temple Chevallier, of Aspall Hall

At Lallenheath, Mrs. Mortlock, aged 84.

At Netherhall, in Thurston, George Chinery, esq. many years an eminent attorney of Bury.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] At Warwick, Mr. Robert Rodgers, of Sheffield, solicitor, to Miss Maria Eboral, daughter of the late William Eboral, esq.

At Birmingham, Mr. Thomas Cox, of the Hill Top, to Frances, only daughter of William Gabb, esq. of Aston, Worcestershire.

Died.] At Solihull, Robert Brue, esq. aged 84.

At Birmingham, Mrs. Stokes, wife of Mr. B. Stokes, merchant, in her 41st year. Mr. James Healey, for the last 19 years clerk of St. Philip's parish, aged 72.—Mr. Thomas White, in his 73d year.—Mr. Crompton, of the marble yard, Warwick.

At Kenilworth, the infant son of Richard Gresley, esq.

At Coventry, Mr. John Ault, schoolmaster.

At Barford, Mrs. Mills, relict of the rev. John Mills, aged 80.

YORKSHIRE.

A few weeks since a quack doctor made his entrance into Doncaster, and pretended to an extraordinary power, in the curing of all disorders. He had the audacity to take his quarters at a central public house, and on the first day is said to have had not less than 500 patients.—*To this seventh son of a seventh son*, carts and waggons loaded with the blind, lame, and aged, poured in from every quarter; into the ears of some he blew, touched the eyes of others, and gently stroked the limbs of the decrepid—all appeared to place implicit confidence in his magic power; but the benefit they received remains yet to be proved. Some under desperate cases he ordered to be in bed 48 hours, but before the end of 36 yours the doctor had decamped, not thinking it necessary to wait the effect of his prescriptions.

A curious match against time, for the small wager of 4s. 6d. was lately decided on a Sunday evening at Skipton:—A man of the name of Duckworth undertook to carry one Kay, a robust fellow, from the Ship Inn to the church gates, and back again, a distance of 696 yards, in ten minutes. After the bets were made, Duckworth insisted that Kay should strip, maintaining that though he had wagered to carry him, it was no part of the bargain that he should carry his clothes. After some hesitation he agreed, *Balaam* mounted his *Ass* in a state of *nudity*. Owing to some jockyship, the beast of burden found that he could not reach the goal within the time limited, and stepping out of the road, by a sudden jirk, threw his rider flat on his back, into a copious heap of mud, to the no small delight of the numerous male and female spectators, collected on this entertaining and delicate occasion.

Married.] At little Ouseburn, Geo. Vandeput Drury, esq. of the East India company's service, to Miss Thompson, eldest daughter of Henry Thompson, esq. of Kirby Hall.

At Hull, Mr. Henry Ross, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Ford, daughter of the late Humphry Ford, esq. —— Walker, esq. late lieutenant in the 3d regiment of foot, to Miss Bennison.

At Coram church in Coverdale, Mr. A. Dodsworth, aged 85, to Miss Cumberland, aged 20, both of Carlton, near Middleham.

Died.] At Bridlington, the rev. T. Plummer, of that place.

At Newton House, near Bedale, John Burrel Harrison, esq.

At Aske Hall, near Richmond, Mrs. Bailey, aged 53, housekeeper to lord Dundas, in whose family she had lived upwards of 35 years. Her death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire about a fortnight before her decease. They were nearly all consumed before she could extinguish the fire, which she did by rolling herself on the carpet.

At Simmington House, near Kirby-moor-side, Richard Dawson, esq. only surviving son of the rev. Richard Dawson rector of Bolton, near Gisburn.

At Hull, Mrs. Robinson, wife of lieutenant Robinson of the 2d Surry militia.—Mrs. Sarah Orton aged 86.—Miss Elizabeth Mannin, youngest daughter of the rev. Wm. M. vicar of Orly, Lincolnshire.

At York, Mrs. Pegge, relict of Samuel Pegge, esq of London, aged 80.—Mrs. Rebecca Clark, in her 97th year.—Miss E. Ashurst, second daughter of Mr. A. of Puddington, Cheshire, aged 16.

At Doncaster, Cornwall, the seventh son of the late T. B. Bayley, esq. of Hope, near Manchester, in his 25th year.

At New Malton, Mr. Timothy Bentley, of London, merchant, youngest son of Mr. T. Bently, ship-owner, late of Scarbro', in his 21st year.

On Saturday, Oct. 10, Mr. William, Lindley, of Scholos, near Halifax. On Saturday, Oct. 17, Mrs. Lindley, his widow. And on Saturday, Oct. 24, Mr. J. Law, the brother of Mrs. Lindley. The two latter were executors of the will of Mr. Lindley, and had no reason, at the time of his death to suppose that their own was so near.

At the Cleveland Tontine Inn, Yorkshire, in consequence of an epileptic fit, with which he was seized in the mail coach on the road from Thirsk to the above inn, on the preceeding Sunday, William Hawks, jun. esq. of Gateshead, aged 33, much and deservedly lamented by all who knew him.

DANISH FLEET

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CASTLEREAGH

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